The Outlook

Vol. 64 April 21, 1900 No. 16

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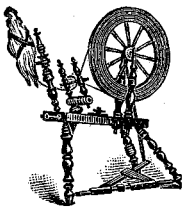

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Senator Clark Unseated

The vote of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections that the seat of Senator Clark, of Montana, should be declared vacant was the most gratifying political event of last week. Best of all, the decision was unanimous. Since the time of the Civil War at least it has been customary for the votes of election contest committees to follow party lines. In the present case it was expected that the fact that Mr. Clark was a Silver Democrat would influence some Democrat or Populist to vote in his favor, and it was feared that the fact that Mr. Clark was a protectionist and an expansionist might lead some Republican to wink at the methods by which the election was secured. But every member of the Committee voted that a Senator whose election was promoted by such unscrupulous use of money on the part of his accredited agents could not, without disgrace to the Senate and peril to the Commonwealth, be permitted to hold his seat. This decision is a great victory for political morality, and goes far to establish the principle that the proof of corrupt practices by the agent of any political candidate renders void his election.

❀

Mr. Quay's Claims

The speech made last week by Senator Burrows, of Michigan, against the seating of Mr. Quay seems to us an unanswerable argument. Only two years ago, Senator Burrows recalled, the Senate voted 50 to 19 against seating ex-Senator Corbett, who had been appointed by the Governor of Oregon. "The material facts in this case are the same as they were in that. The only change is in the name of the party seeking admission to the Senate. Then it was ex-Senator Corbett; now it is ex-Senator Quay. A change of parties certainly ought not to produce a change of convictions." Continuing, Senator Burrows put sharply the issue:

> No Governor has yet attempted to take the matter of selecting Senators out of the hands of the Legislature. He can now, in the plain language of the Constitution, appoint only to vacancies which "happen during the recess of the Legislature." The contention of Mr. Quay's friends is that the Executive may fill any vacancy he finds existing when the Legislature is in recess. In the approaching election in Pennsylvania, only six months distant, if ex-Senator Quay should be a candidate for re-election, it will not be necessary for him to carry a majority of the Legislature, but only to secure a sufficient number of adherents to prevent an election and force an adjournment, when Governor Stone can again disregard the mandates of his own Constitution, refuse to call a session of the Legislature, and again issue his commission to Senator Quay to hold a seat in this body by the favoritism of the Governor, and independent of the will of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania.

In every State, a Senatorial candidate who has the favor of the Governor, or hopes for the favor of the Governor, will only need to control a handful of legislators to prevent any election by the Legislature. The disposal of United States Senatorships by legislative majorities furnishes recurring deadlocks and scandal, but the plan of putting Senators at the disposal of legislative minorities would open the door to a worse state of affairs. Nothing could be better calculated to promote the deadlocking of Legislatures and the manipulation of legislators by State executives. The only defense urged by Senator Quay's supporters is that the Constitution contemplates that every State should have full representation. Fortunately, the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has just reached the unanimous decision that it is better that a State should be unrepresented than that it should be misrepresented—that is, represented by one who has no right to represent it. The unanimous vote against Senator Clark, as well as the vote of 50 to 19 against

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ex-Senator Corbett, both proclaim the Senate's inconsistency if it votes to seat ex-Senator Quay.

❀

Direct Election of Senators

The House of Representatives, by a vote of 240 to 15, has adopted a resolution to amend the Constitution so that United States Senators shall be elected by the people of the several States instead of the Legislatures. This is the third time the House has passed such a bill, but the Senate has hitherto refused to act upon it. The majority in the House this year ought to convince the Senate of the strength and permanence of the popular demand that this reform be carried out. A few years ago the dignity of the Senate might have been thought to prompt its neglect of the House resolution, for Senators were naturally loth to admit public dissatisfaction with the manner of their election. But now that the popular demand is so nearly universal, it is in the highest degree undignified for any Senator to thwart this demand—for no action could proclaim more loudly the truth of the charge that Senators do not represent the people of their States. Most of the Senators, we believe, could secure re-election by the direct vote of the people, and their own self-respect as well as the desire to prevent the deadlocking and the corruption of Legislatures ought to induce the Senate to ratify the House resolution.

❀

The Porto Rico Bill Adopted

On Wednesday of last week the House of Representatives accepted the Porto Rico Bill exactly as it passed the Senate. At the opening of the session at noon a rule was adopted providing that the bill should be discussed until five o'clock, and then voted upon "without delay or other motion." By means of this rule a vote on the amendments desired by the Democrats providing for free trade with Porto Rico and a legislature with both branches elected by the people of the island was avoided. During the debate the Democrats attempted to make a good deal of the charge that the trusts had caused the Republican party to impose a tariff on Porto Rican products, but the Republicans showed that the tariff would fall chiefly on sugar and tobacco planters and speculators, who were the wealthiest people in the island and desired free trade. The speeches which awakened the greatest interest were those of the Republicans who voted against the bill. The point urged most strongly in these speeches was that the bill violated the spirit and the traditions of America and of the Republican party. Mr. Lorimer, of Illinois, declared that he would vote only for a civil government bill which would give the Porto Ricans "such government as we would accept for ourselves;" Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, declared that the tax on Porto Rican products had transformed the whole country into a "Boston tea party;" and Mr. H. C. Smith, of Michigan, recalled in detail the revolutionary protests against the principle that Great Britain could levy an arbitrary tax, however insignificant, upon a territory unrepresented in its Parliament. The final reply on behalf of the Republicans was made by Mr. Payne, of New York, whose conclusion was as follows:

> I am ready to answer to my constituents and give them an account of my stewardship; and I want you gentlemen on the other side of the question to be prepared to explain to the laborers of your district how you came to vote for a constitutional proposition that will, if carried into effect, give free sugar from Porto Rico, free sugar from the islands of the sea, and at the same time establish the Constitution there, making citizens of ten million Filipinos, giving them the right to come here as contract laborers, destroying the high wages and thrift of your constituents and mine.

When the vote was taken, three Democrats supported the bill and eight Republicans opposed it. The vote stood 161 to 153.

❀

The Governor of Porto Rico

The President has offered the office of Civil Governor of Porto Rico to Mr. Charles Herbert Allen, and the acceptance of the appointment is expected. This will of course involve the resignation by Mr. Allen of his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a position which he has admirably filled, and in which he has been Secretary Long's right-hand man and has worked indefatigably for the good of the service and the effective conduct of the department. The appointment of Mr. Allen to Porto Rico may, therefore, be

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confidently regarded as one of the best kind—namely, one made because of faithful service. Mr. Allen is a Massachusetts man, a graduate of Amherst College, and was for several years engaged in the management of one of the largest New England cotton-mills. As a Republican he entered politics some twenty years ago, and has occupied seats in the Massachusetts State Senate and in two Congresses. In 1891 he accepted the Republican nomination for Governor, but was defeated under exceptional circumstances by the late William E. Russell. Mr. Allen immediately followed Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, when the former resigned in order to organize the Rough Riders, in May, 1898. It need hardly be said that the past two years have called for unusual and arduous work in the Naval Department, and it is universally acknowledged that Mr. Allen has closely studied the immense body of details connected with this administration, and has not only carried on the work of the department in a most satisfactory way, but has personally devoted a great deal of effort to insure harmony in the department, and consequent promptness and efficiency in its work. As Governor of Porto Rico, he will have powers which are defined by the bill just passed; his term of office will be four years; he has a veto power over legislation; he is commander-in-chief of the militia; and he has, in addition to all the powers of the Governors of the Territories of the United States, special executive duties and functions of several kinds.

❀

Claims to Re-election

Congressman Henry R. Gibson, of East Tennessee, has issued a circular to his constituents which, in its abridged form, bids fair to become a classic among campaign documents. "My claims," he says, with commendable frankness, are based upon the following record of service:

Eight hundred and twenty-three war claims put through, amounting to $1,200,000.
Sixty-five private pension bills.
Forty-one men commissioned in the army by my influence.
Twenty nine postmasters appointed.
Seventy-four new post-offices established.
Twelve thousand calls at the Pension Office.
Twenty-nine thousand packages of seed sent.
Twenty-seven thousand pamphlets and books sent out.
One hundred and sixty-seven thousand copies of my own speeches sent out.
Forty-seven thousand letters to my constituents.

With the possible exception of the post-office and army appointments secured through Mr. Gibson's influence, every one of these public services aimed to benefit individuals—and especially one individual—at the public expense. The last and least of the items—the forty-seven thousand franked letters sent to his constituents—cost the Post-Office Department as much as Mr. Gibson's yearly salary, while the pension and war claims put through took out of the public treasury the equivalent of fifty dollars for every family in his district. Mr. Gibson was elected in 1896 by a majority of eighteen thousand over his Democratic opponent, and in 1898 by a majority of six thousand. His waning popularity he doubtless attributes to his failure to secure a big appropriation for the rivers and harbors of the Tennessee mountains.

❀

Governor Roosevelt

The papers are full of rumors of a proposed endeavor to compel Governor Roosevelt to accept the nomination for Vice-President on the Republican ticket. We hope that whatever attempt may be made in that direction he will frustrate. He is not the man for Vice-President. His chief qualification for the office is the fact that he would make an honest and capable President in case of the death of his superior. But such a man ought not to be condemned to preside for four years over the deliberations of the United States Senate. We speak of it as being condemned, because to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's active temperament it would be well-nigh unbearable. On the other hand, the Empire State greatly needs him in the Governor's office. This fact is probably the chief reason why in some influential quarters there will be an attempt to keep him out of that office, under the pretense of nominating him for a higher one. Under his administration, if all that reformers would like to see achieved has not been achieved, there have been no backward steps. There have been some reforms and no deforms in legislation. No doubt the rapid-transit measures and the franchise tax bill, which he pressed

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through by his personal influence, and the Fallows Bill, loosening somewhat the grip of the Ramapo Water Company on the city of New York, and perhaps the bill for a revision of the New York City Charter, have concentrated powerful financial and political influences against him. But they have also awakened for him a strong and enthusiastic support, and unless he can be shelved under pretense of promoting him, he will be renominated for Governor, whether the machine approve or not, and elected unless all political signs should fail. He has but begun his work, and the people of New York State ought not to allow any false pride in having their State represented in the Vice-President's chair to blind them to the injury which the State would suffer if, at this stage in its history, he should be removed and a less alert, a less sagacious, or a less courageous representative of popular rights should be put in his place.

❀

Foreign Trade In introducing the volumes of annual reports from diplomatic and consular officers on the commercial relations of the United States, President McKinley says, with justice, that they show a marked increase in the practical utility to our exporters and manufacturers of the services of our official representatives, both diplomatic and consular, in promoting trade, and present a mass of evidence as to the steady growth in popularity in foreign markets of our manufactured goods, as well as of our food supplies, our raw materials, and the products of our mines. Following this, Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, calls attention to the fact that the reports present not only the latest statistics of the trade of each country and the share which the United States now enjoys or hopes to gain, but, in addition to that, a mass of valuable details and suggestions as to the activities and prospects of all the more important industrial and trade centers of the world, together with the latest information as to the resources and commercial needs of regions which have but recently felt the impulse of modern development. Mr. Hay wisely emphasizes the new services which consular officers—and, to an increasing degree, diplomatic officers as well—are rendering to American trade. In addition to its regular reports from our foreign representatives, the Bureau of Foreign Commerce of the State Department answers specific inquiries from individual firms, and, if of sufficient general importance, these answers are promptly utilized in the form of Daily Consular Reports, which are distributed with the least possible delay to the newspapers, to Chambers of Commerce, and to other trade organizations. Americans may find satisfaction in the knowledge that no other country has so rapid a system of disseminating similar information. The chief of this Bureau is Mr. Frederic Emory, and his introduction naturally follows those of the President and Secretary. In his summary Mr. Emory shows that since the date of his last annual review of the reports from consular and diplomatic officers upon the industries and commerce of foreign countries, the commercial expansion of the United States, which was then described as having passed the boundaries of experiment, has proceeded at a pace exceeding the expectations even of those who are most confident of the great development of our export trade. The United States now appears in a triple rôle, as a purveyor of food, of manufactured goods, and of fuel. With Mr. Emory, we believe that Americans have nothing to fear so long as they keep up the quality of their products; the only danger we have to face is a falling off in the standard.

❀

The Canadian Political Situation The approach of a general election is giving the people of Canada an occasion for reviewing the changes which have been brought about by the substitution four years ago of a Liberal for a Conservative Government, and the replacing of Sir Charles Tupper by Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Premier of the Dominion. The review, on the whole, must be satisfactory; particularly as concerns the relations of Canada with the Empire. It is least satisfactory on the domestic side. When the change of government occurred in 1896, the Conservatives had been in power for seventeen years, and partisanism was rampant at Ottawa and all through the Dominion services. The civil service was overwhelmingly

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Conservative, and during the régime of Macdonald and Thompson none but Conservatives had ever had any opportunities of obtaining government contracts; and there had long been a close and, it is alleged, corrupt connection between the Governments and the manufacturers who derived advantages from the high protective tariff. Only partially have these conditions been changed. The civil service code has not permitted the Liberals to make wholesale clearances in order to find places for their partisans. But whenever vacancies have occurred or could be created, the offices, especially in the outside services, have gone as rewards to active partisans; and, as under the Conservative régime, the members of the dominant party and the defeated candidates of that party have had the bestowal of all government patronage in their constituencies, and have naturally used it more with an eye to the strengthening of the position of their party than to the permanent good of the civil service. The old Conservative rule governing the giving out of contracts has been continued. Contracts for work and supplies have gone to men who had established claims on the politicians; and the large disbursements on printing and advertising have gone almost exclusively to newspapers which support the Government. In the House of Commons Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Ministerial colleagues have admitted this, and have justified it on the ground that their predecessors did as they have done. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a political party which had been long out of office, and had necessarily many adherents to reward, should inaugurate a reform; but a change is necessary if Canadian politics are permanently to take a higher level than that on which they have stood since Confederation. Nor can it be said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier acted fairly by the temperance party. It is true that his Government passed the Act under which there was a plebiscite in 1898. But there was no sincerity in the attitude of the Government toward the plebiscite. All that can be said of it was that it was a perfunctory fulfillment of an embarrassing campaign pledge. The tariff pledges of the Liberals in 1896 have been more loyally honored. Although the preferential tariff for British goods was not the direction in which Canadians had looked for a fulfillment, the 33 per cent. reduction has cheapened many articles in daily use, and made a dollar go further than it did when Canada had a high tariff alike against Great Britain and the United States.

❀

A New Era In Imperial history the Laurier Government has created a new era, not by a single action, but rather by a series of actions. The first was in 1897, when tariff preferences were established for British goods. When the Laurier Government took up this policy, there were obstacles in the way. Preferences for Great Britain would conflict with British treaties with Germany and other European nations. Canada, however, declared what its policy was; and for the first time in history the home Government terminated treaties at the instance of a colony. The preference so brought about aroused immense enthusiasm in Great Britain—an enthusiasm which was revived in all its generous force when Sir Wilfrid Laurier represented Canada in the Jubilee celebrations of 1897. His attractive personality, and the fact that he is a French-Canadian, would have in any event secured for him a great popular reception. These, combined with the fact that he is the author of the preferential tariff, made him tower above all the Colonial Premiers, and brought Great Britain and Canada into more hearty sympathy than at any time previously. The establishment of a penny post between Great Britain and all her larger colonies, again on the initiative of Canada, grew out of the homecoming of the colonials at the Jubilee celebration. Then followed the despatch of the Canadian contingents to South Africa. Canada did not lead here, as she did in the preferential tariff movement and the penny post. But her response was quick and full, and as generous in spirit as that of any of the Australasian colonies. And now, as a result of all this drawing closer of the colonies to Great Britain, British statesmen are confronted with the problem as to how the Empire can avail itself of the services of colonial leaders like Sir Wilfrid Laurier in its counsels. It is bringing matters down to a more prosaic level, but it is yet to be recorded that during Sir Wilfrid Laurier's

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rule at Ottawa Canadian securities have been placed on the list of British Chancery Court investments. This means that trustees who are in charge of estates for widows and minors can invest in these Canadian securities; and by this official listing of Canadian bonds the Canadian Government can henceforward raise money in London on as easy terms as the Imperial Government can issue consols. The change in the relations of Canada to the United States practically amounts to this—that in years gone by questions at issue between Canada and this country have been settled from the point of view of England. During the last four years Canada has quietly asserted herself, and Canadian opinion and not the exigencies of British-American diplomacy are in future to weigh in the settlement of questions closely touching Canadian interests.

❀

The Boer War Fighting continued throughout last week near Wepener, in the Orange Free State, about fifty miles southeast of Bloemfontein. The British garrison has held out bravely; it is reported that there have been seven thousand Boers in the besieging force. On Tuesday of this week it is reported that the Boers have retired from the place. General Gatacre's policy of scattering battalions among the Free State towns, at a distance from the railway, following his mistake at Stormberg, has resulted in his being ordered home. General Chermside has succeeded to the command of General Gatacre's division. From Bloemfontein itself there is as yet no sign of the forward march to Pretoria. Lord Roberts would hardly give that sign before assuring the greater safety of the long lines of railway connecting him with the seaports, and before receiving the many thousands of remounts and animals now on the way. The value of those imported throughout the campaign has been lessened because they were put to work before they had recovered from the long voyage. The death-rate has been high, and the condition of the surviving is not what it should be. In Natal the Boers renewed their attack upon General Buller's camp at Sunday River, but were repulsed. On the Bechuana border the Boers are showing renewed energy, checking Lord Methuen and Colonel Plumer in their advances from the south and north to relieve Mafeking. Nevertheless, nowhere in South Africa do the Boers seem able to risk a pitched battle. General Carrington will command the British forces in Rhodesia, operating against northern Transvaal. The most imp rtant element in this force is to be the Australian Bushmen's Corps, which has already arrived at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa. President Kruger has received a protest from Lord Roberts concerning the treatment to which the captured British colonial troops have been subjected at Watervaal. Lord Roberts points out that the Boer wounded in British camps "receive the same treatment as our own soldiers."

❀

The Paris Exposition The Paris Exposition was formally opened by the President of the Republic on Saturday last, in the presence of about fourteen thousand invited guests. The day was unseasonably cold, but the city was brilliant with flags and banners, and wore that holiday air which Paris so readily assumes. By a supreme effort, involving continuous work by day and night, the grounds of the Exposition were comparatively unobstructed, the external appearance comparatively complete, and the magnificent Salle des Fêtes in an inhabitable condition. Surrounded by the members of his Cabinet and household, President Loubet formally declared the Exposition of 1900 open at noon. The great hall was brilliant with uniforms, both military and diplomatic, every inch of space being occupied by the representatives of French art, letters, science, the army and navy, and public life. The opening address was delivered by M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce. President Loubet, in his address, emphasized the immense service of science and the value of the Exposition as affording not only evidence of the mastery of the forces of nature, but an example of harmony, peace, and progress. The Exposition as a whole will not be complete before the end of next month; it is to-day a series of museums or collections, not an orderly and comprehensive display of the art and work of the world. The American section, which stands second only to that of France in the number of

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exhibitors, is far in advance of all other sections in completeness of installment. Commissioner-General Picquart, after comparing the condition of the different exhibits, declared that it was an object-lesson to France to see the American people's work. General Porter, the United States Ambassador, emphasized the great advantages which would accrue to this country through the attractive and adequate display of American industries and products. The traditional friendship between the two countries can hardly fail to be increased by the interest which the United States has shown in this great French enterprise, both in the energy with which the American exhibit has been carried to completion and the extraordinary number of exhibitors who take part in it. The regulations in regard to the American section on Sunday will be the same as those adopted on the advice of Mr. Evarts, after consultation with the French authorities, in 1889. No offices will be open and no machinery will be in motion in the American section on Sunday, but the collections will be open to all visitors. Any other rule would have deprived the great mass of the Parisian working people of any opportunity of seeing the American exhibits.

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The Westminster Confession

From various parts of the country come statements made by Presbyterian clergymen and by Presbyteries advocating a revision of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Notable among the latter was the petition of the Presbytery of Nassau last week at Northport, N. Y., praying the General Assembly to formulate a short and simple creed, which "would unite and not divide," and which "would be acceptable to the Church." At the session of the Utica Presbytery last week, at Little Falls, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Clinton, advocated the elimination from the Confession of Faith of the first seven paragraphs in chapter third—paragraphs covering the doctrines of election and reprobation (the repudiation of which brought upon Dr. Hillis the condemnation of the Chicago Presbytery). The Rev. Mr. Brokaw, of Utica, said that the session of his church had already passed resolutions to change the objectionable paragraphs. He added that the time has come when we should either revise the standards or make new ones in the terms of our present theological parlance. A resolution to eliminate the paragraphs was referred to a committee. The Rev. Dr. Donehoo, of the West End Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, taking up the same theme, said: "The Westminster divines seemed to have been laboring under the conviction that God Almighty deliberately created men to be damned—a doctrine which, I need hardly say, is dishonoring to his name, a slander upon his justice and mercy, and one against which all my inward convictions and every thought and impulse of my soul indignantly revolt." In Brooklyn there have been notable statements from Presbyterian clergymen. Dr. Cuyler declares that there are certain parts of the Confession of Faith in which he does not believe. For instance, he does not accept the doctrine referring to elect children. Writing to The Outlook on this subject, Dr. Cuyler informs us that, several years ago, when revision was proposed, he earnestly contended "for discarding the article which teaches the repulsive doctrine of preterition, and also the one referring to elect infants. I regret that the effort to remove these excrescences from our venerable symbol of faith was not successful." Dr. Gregg says: "Though I am a conservative Presbyterian, I say that some of the items of the Confession of Faith, on which the Presbyterian Church stands, are dead." Dr. Carson declares that, while he accepts the Confession as a system, he abhors some of its statements; for instance, the doctrine of reprobation is not Scriptural, as he understands the word. These indications show that even among conservative Presbyterians there is an influential and growing rejection of some statements in the Confession. With Dr. Gray, the editor of the Presbyterian "Interior" and the defender of Dr. Hillis at Chicago, we also believe that three-quarters of the ministers and nine-tenths of the members of the Presbyterian Church reject the clauses in the Confession which Dr. Hillis attacked. At a meeting of the Chicago Presbytery on Monday of this week the report of the committee to which was referred the request of Dr. Hillis that his name be erased from the rolls was adopted. By a unanimous vote the Presbytery also

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adopted resolutions overturing the General Assembly to appoint a committee, "in view of the archaic forms in which some of the doctrines of our Church have expression, and for other reasons," "to take into consideration this whole matter of a restatement of our doctrinal standard, and to report to the next Assembly following what, in their judgment, should be the action of our Church on this subject."

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Dr. Parkhurst's Comment In his sermon on Sunday of this week at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst spoke in his usual incisive manner on the issue raised by the action of the Chicago Presbytery and the resignation of Dr. Hillis. He pointed out that Christianity is an affair of the heart, and only contingently an affair of the head; that the word "brain" does not occur once in the Bible, while the word "heart" occurs more than a thousand times. He believes, as do we, that one of the most unfortunate mistakes ever made by the Christian Church was "to slide into the habit of identifying Christianity with theology." Dr. Parkhurst declares that the Presbyterian Church ought to have a new Confession of Faith; indeed, "it is surprising that it is able to do as much as it is doing, with such an incubus strapped upon it." What is needed is not a system of theology, but a brief statement of the vital truths of Christ's message to the world. The speaker said that he could get along with a Confession containing little more than what Jesus said when he was trying to make a Christian of Nicodemus: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In this verse "we have the doctrine of God's love, of human guilt, of Christ's divinity, of salvation through him, of faith in him, of immortality." Dr. Parkhurst points out that every word in this verse is a Saxon word, that three-quarters of them are monosyllables, profound in meaning but simple enough to be understood by a child. Amending the Westminster Confession, Dr. Parkhurst says, will not meet the necessities of the case—"better give it a dignified place in a museum for what it is, than hack it to pieces and revamp it for what it is not." He adds:

> It is a damage to every communion and to the whole Church of Christ that phrases such as occur in the third chapter of our Confession are allowed to stand as even the nominal expression of what we as Presbyterians believe. They are a permanent insult to the Cross of Christ, which stands as the declaration of God's illimitable love for all his children, an invitation written in the Lord's own blood: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." We pray that the time may be hastened when this libel on the infinite grace of God shall be erased from our records, when we shall all become so enamored of the spirit of Jesus as to be willing to break with human tradition.

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The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions Beginning on April 21 and continuing until May 1, the sessions of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions will be held in New York City. This Conference will undoubtedly attract greater attention than any similar gathering in the history of religion. The number of delegates is about two thousand. The first meeting will take place on Saturday afternoon, April 21, at Carnegie Hall, Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, the address of welcome being delivered by the Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., with responses from the Rev. Messrs. Thompson, Merensky, Schreiber, King, and Chamberlain. In the evening addresses will be made by the President of the United States and by representatives of the State and city of New York. On Sunday there will be addresses in the various churches by delegates. On Monday, and continuing through May 1, at Carnegie Hall and elsewhere, the actual work of the Conference will be carried on. The list of speakers is long and notable. Alternate meetings will take place every evening at the Central Presbyterian Church, Fifty-seventh Street, west of Seventh Avenue, and sectional meetings will occur at various other churches in the neighborhood. The programme includes discussions on the authority and purpose of the Conference, a survey of the various mission fields, a survey of the century's work, a discussion of administrative problems, of the problems of the missionary staff, of the wider relations of missions, of the relations of missions to secular governments, of the

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division of mission fields, of self-support by mission churches, of the relations of Christianity towards non-Christian religions, of the relation of missions to social progress, of distinctively evangelistic work, of native churches, of educational work and industrial training, of medical work, of Bible translations and distribution, of home work for foreign missions, of students' work and women's work. The office of the Ticket Committee is at Room 1,011, 156 Fifth Avenue. All Christians must hope that this Conference will concentrate and develop the power of those who are allied in a common loyalty to moral and religious ideals.

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Liberal Congress of Religion

The Liberal Congress of Religion, which is an outgrowth of the World's Parliament of Religions and aims to perpetuate its spirit, is to meet this year in Boston, April 24–29. Its purpose is declared to be to unite in fraternal conference men and women of whatever name who believe in the application of religious principles and spiritual forces to the present problems of life. The movement is designed to be, "not a concession on the part of the more conservative to those more radical, but a general coming together." The names and subjects presented in the programme of the meetings indicate the intent and character of the Congress. Some of these are: Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago (President of the Congress), "What the Liberal Congress Stands For;" the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, "The Religious Motive in Political Reform;" the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., of New York, "The Oneness of Spiritual Religion;" the Rev. E. B. Burr, of the Baptist Church, Newton Center, Mass., "The Church in the City;" Mrs. Frederick Nathan, President of the Consumers' League, "Religion a Vital Factor in Industrial Problems;" the Rev. Bipin Chandra Pal, Minister of the Brahmo Somaj, Calcutta, India, "Christianity and Hinduism Compared." Other speakers are Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago; Professor C. C. Everett, of Harvard; the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence; Professor Charles Sprague Smith, of the People's Institute, New York City. Such assemblies of men of divergent denominational views uniting in conference on practical religious problems form a cheering evidence of the growing solidarity of the adherents of essential Christianity.

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Hebrews Written by a Woman?

No theologian has put forth cleverer theories than has Professor Harnack, of Berlin, but his last theory is little less than startling. In the "Zeitschrift für die neutestamentliche Wissenschaft" he suggests a new solution of a problem which has troubled all Biblical students from Origen's day to our own—namely, the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Dr. Harnack declares that the Epistle must be the work of some well-known teacher of Christianity who was in close companionship with Paul and Timothy. Internal evidence shows that the author must actually have lived among those whom he addressed, his letter to them being written while he was absent for a time from them. The Epistle was evidently written just after one of the Roman persecutions in which the martyrs are supposed to have been Peter and Paul. Who, then, is the author? Professor Harnack's conditions would rule out Luke, Barnabas, Apollos, and Clement. No possible author remains, of whom we have any knowledge, but those whom Paul saluted as follows: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks." This husband and wife were probably influential and experienced Christian teachers, for through them Apollos, a man of culture, was so won over to Christianity that he "mightily convinced the Jews." Priscilla and Aquila were evidently intimately associated with Paul, and probably survived him, since, in the last part of the last letter ever written by him, we find a message to them, "Salute Prisca and Aquila." Prisca (or Priscilla) and Aquila undoubtedly had a little church in their house in Rome (as they had had in Ephesus), and to the congregation worshiping there must have addressed this epistle, if they were its authors. An indication that they were its authors is found in the frequent interchange of the personal pronoun from "we" to "I" and from "I" to "we." As Prisca's name is generally mentioned before Aquila's, she was perhaps a more important personage than

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her husband. Professor Harnack's theory that she was the author of the Epistle is as ingenious as it is daring.

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A "Play" School A correspondent sends us an account of a novel summer school which has been maintained in Andover, Mass., for the past two summers with a success that ought to attract the attention and consideration of teachers and parents in other parts of the country as another summer approaches. The Andover "Play School" was established in recognition of the needs of children even of the "best families" who are without regular and fixed occupation during the long summer holiday. The Andover Guild assumed the expenses of the undertaking, the School Committee of the town gave the use of its most commodious building, and the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. George E. Johnson, devoted his own vacation to its management. Forty-five boys were in regular attendance. One of the most pleasant features of the school, and one that it is unfortunate that most of the city schools are deprived of, was the training in gardening. Each boy had an individual plot of ground, and beans, corn, peas, potatoes, and beets were planted. Though the students were country boys, they found much to learn about the raising of crops, and, as one of the boys remarked, "While we waited for the plants to grow, the teacher told us a lot of things which we knew nothing about." Very pleasant also on hot days was found the swimming class which met at Pomps Pond on three mornings of the week; and as the hours of this class were apt to be unduly extended, since some of the members liked to stay a long time in the water, the boys themselves made a rule that the last one dressed should get a whipping. A beehive whose workings the boys could watch, well-stocked aquariums, constant microscopic observation, and frequent excursions to the woods, lakes, and fields, during which "even snakes were unstoned and uninjured," formed excellent opportunities for nature study and appreciation. Besides the classes in sloyd, drawing, music, and the ever-popular woodwork, outdoor sports and games were conducted under careful supervision, and a good athletic exhibit was given on the school's Field-Day. Instruction was given in printing and typesetting, and a little paper, "The Summer School Record," was printed by the students. The reluctance with which many boys attend the ordinary day school is never manifested in the case of these vacation schools, where opportunity is given for creative work and for learning at first hand something of the wonders of nature, and where the boy's nature is not in constant rebellion over hours with book and pen. Vacation schools are not now, happily, an uncommon thing in cities, but the idea of a summer "Play School" in the country is, we think, as novel as it is refreshing.

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A Plumbers' Conspiracy Thwarted Sixteen years ago, says the New York "Evening Post," the National Association of Master Plumbers adopted a plan by which to advance trade interests at the expense of public interests. Its convention at Baltimore resolved that, inasmuch as manufacturers of plumbers' supplies and wholesale dealers therein persisted in selling to consumers, "to our injury and detriment, placing us toward our consumers in the light of extortionists," the members of the Association would thereafter refuse to buy of manufacturers or wholesalers who sold plumbing supplies to consumers, and refuse to employ journeymen plumbers who handled supplies bought by consumers. This resolution was hailed by master plumbers as the magna charta of their liberty to charge what they pleased, and committees were appointed to blacklist manufacturers and workmen who permitted consumers to buy plumbing supplies at normal prices. The agreement was plainly in "restraint of trade" and in violation both of the common law and the anti-trust statutes enacted in most of our States. Nevertheless, so long as only the consumer—only the public—was victimized, no strong resistance was offered. As time went on, however, the members of the National Plumbers' Association found that their agreement left to more and more consumers a way of escaping their exactions. A good many master plumbers refused to join the Association, and these, by reason of their willingness to handle plumbing supplies bought by consumers,

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or bought by themselves wherever they could be bought cheapest, made possible the growth of a large business not controlled by the combination. To shut off this competition, the National Association of Master Plumbers, at its meeting last year in New Orleans, voted to extend its boycott to manufacturers and wholesalers who sold to any master plumbers not members of the Association. This new boycott, however, was directed against a small class which was more easily stirred to take united action than the public at large. A test case was brought before the courts at Indianapolis, Ind., by master plumbers not members of the Association, and the decision secured that the agreement to boycott was a conspiracy in restraint of trade. All the parties to this conspiracy, the court held, are liable to suits for damages because of the expense and inconvenience resulting from their illegal action. This decision is likely to be sustained by the highest courts, and manufacturers, wholesalers, and master plumbers may have more to lose than to gain from keeping up their combination. When producers are able through superior equipment to monopolize business by serving the public more cheaply than their smaller competitors, The Outlook has no sympathy with anti-trust legislation directed against them. Such legislation only impedes industrial progress. But when producers combine to diminish competition and prevent the cheapening of service to the public, the combination is a conspiracy which legislatures and courts are bound to overthrow if industrial progress is to continue.

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A New Trade Route During the period of Arab domination, the sterile soil of Baluchistan, from which roaming bands of brigands afterwards banished commerce and peaceful pursuits, was traversed by numerous caravan routes connecting the markets of India with those of Persia. But although the country has now been under British control for nearly twenty years, little has until recently been done to extend and consolidate British influence there. It was left for Major Sykes, British Consul at Kirman, in the heart of Persia, and Captain Webb Ware, political officer at Nushki in British Baluchistan, to endeavor to organize a trade route through these two towns, and on to Quetta, which is connected by rail with the rest of commercial India. Already postal stations have been established over the entire route, and the construction of a telegraph line has begun. Last December Major Sykes despatched a caravan from Kirman laden with Persian carpets and silk and other Persian products likely to be in demand in India. The experiment is of interest in connection with the oft-mooted project of an Indo-Persian railway. For if it is successful it will not be difficult to find capital to construct a line to handle a trade previously developed.

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The Presbyterian Creed

It is reported in the daily papers that the Utica Presbytery has already adopted a minute calling for a revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith by the elimination of certain special articles which teach the doctrines of limited atonement and particular election. It appears to us that the Presbyterian Church would do far better to leave the Westminster Confession unaltered as a great historical monument marking its birth and furnishing an indication of its historical character, and abolish subscription to it as a condition of admission to the eldership—whether as a ruling or a preaching elder. To do this would be to follow the example of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, which does not require subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, though it retains them unaltered as an honored part of its history. It would really be only widening its own principle by giving to it a new and broader application; for no lay member is required to subscribe to the Westminster Confession. Admission to the Church requires absolutely nothing but repentance of sin and faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, except as individual Presbyterian churches may have prescribed some creed, simpler than the Westminster Confession, for the laymen's acceptance. Some have done so; others have not.

Meanwhile, we are glad to find, in a published sermon of the Rev. L. Mason Clarke, the successor of the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall in the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Booklyn, an utterance which we may legitimately char-

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acterize as a strong indorsement, from a Presbyterian point of view, of the expressions of The Outlook concerning the significance of creed subscription in that Church. This utterance is so significant that we quote from it at some length; and we advise any elders or ministers in that Church who are troubled in their consciences as to the significance of creed subscription to send to Mr. Clarke for a copy of this sermon. We hope that he will be able to supply the demand. He says:

It [the Westminster Confession of Faith] never for one moment claims to be the rule of faith of any Church on earth, and the most that it can be used for is as a help to both Christian faith and Christian practice. We, as Presbyterians, believe in the Scriptures as the only infallible rule of belief and obedience. We believe that Jesus Christ is the only enthroned Lord of the human conscience. Whatever stands must stand with him. Whatever fails to accord with his teaching and with his spirit has no binding force at all upon the Christian mind and heart.

That is the organic principle of our Christian faith. We have but one Master, Jesus Christ. By him all decisions of councils and assemblies are invariably to be tested. We recognize no imposition of doctrine upon us, save the doctrine he taught. And if the Spirit of God shall lead us, as he promised, from one step to another, into the better and fuller appreciation of his love, we shall be false to the very organic principle of the Puritanism that created the Westminster Confession if we fail to enter into the presence of these newer visions.

The Presbyterian Church long ago adopted the Westminster standards as affording a statement of its faith which at that time was satisfactory. But my point is here, that the Presbyterian Church also adopted this vital principle of the Protestant faith to which I have referred, and this principle is more important than the entire Confession itself. This is the principle which was gained only by conflict and struggle unto death. For this the moors of Scotland were mingled with blood and the soil of England enriched with the dust of martyrs and saints. I should like to repeat to you the exact language of the adopting act by which the Westminster Confession and catechisms were made the standards of the Presbyterian Church of America. The date is 1729; the place is Philadelphia, and the body is the Synod of that name. Listen to the words:

"Although the Synod do not claim or pretend to any authority of imposing our faith upon other men's consciences, but do profess our just dissatisfaction with and abhorrence of such impositions, and do utterly disclaim all legislative power and authority in the Church, being willing to receive one another as Christ has received us to the glory of God, and admit to fellowship in sacred ordinances all such as we have grounds to believe Christ will at last admit to the kingdom of heaven, yet we are undoubtedly obliged to take care that the faith once delivered to the saints be kept pure and uncorrupt among us."

Then follows the adopting declaration, receiving the Westminster Confession and catechisms "as being in all the essential and necessary articles, good forms of sound words and systems of doctrine." . . .

I am thus in no harness that weighs me down. I feel in this pulpit no restraint whatever upon my liberty of utterance, save the restraint of the love of Christ. I have no other principle than this of freedom of conscience which these very standards give me. To say, then, that I, or any man who enters the Presbyterian ministry, solemnly swears to believe and to teach the dreadful things that have been imputed to us, is as untrue to the fact as it is to principle. In our Church, as in other Churches, it is doubtless true that some believe and teach the older conception of Calvinistic faith. But it is also true that the Church, as a whole, neither believes it nor teaches it, and there is abundant room for the oldest and for the newest thought, and neither will seek to impose itself upon the other, without violating the very spirit of our historic faith.

We believe that Mr. Clarke herein affirms the catholic faith of the great body of the clergy in the Presbyterian Church. We only wish that they would make their affirmation solemnly and by united action in the General Assembly, and then that they would embody this principle in a new bond of union; that they would leave the venerable Confession intact; that they would require no subscription to it; that they would either provide a simple evangelical creed for subscription, or, better yet, leave each Presbytery to be the judge of the spirit of candidates for orders by examination without a creed. Whether this is done or not, Mr. Clarke appears to us to have demonstrated historically, what The Outlook has often insisted is true, that the Presbyterian Church is first of all Christian, next Protestant, last of all Calvinistic, and that for this reason every office-bearer in that Church has all the liberty which belongs to the followers of Christ and children of God, the right to accept the truth wherever he finds it, and teach it whatever he finds it to be, subject only to this, that it shall conform to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ; that in the Presbyterian Church, as Mr. Clarke says elsewhere in this sermon, "there is abundant room for the oldest and for the newest thought, and neither will seek to impose itself upon the

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other without violating the very spirit of our historic faith."

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The Porto Rican Bill

The Porto Rican Bill (in its final form the bill adopts the spelling Porto Rico instead of Puerto Rico) has passed the House and has been signed by the President. Those who hold that the Constitution necessarily extends over the new dependencies might well decline to vote for any bill which levied any, even the smallest, tariff on the products of those dependencies, on the ground that such a bill was, in their judgment, a violation of the Constitution. We have from the beginning expressed our conviction that the Constitution does not extend over the new dependencies; that Congress has as free a hand in dealing with them as the English Parliament has in dealing with British acquired territory. Political expediency seemed to us to demand that in so dealing with Porto Rico no trade barrier should be interposed between her people and the American markets. But there is no serious injustice and certainly no great injury inflicted by a tariff which expires by its own limitation in two years, and may be brought to an end in less time if the newly organized Porto Rican government can find some other method of raising the necessary revenue. The government organized for Porto Rico is more republican than that under which Louisiana was placed under Thomas Jefferson directly after the purchase. Both the United States through the President, and the people of Porto Rico through a House of Delegates to be elected by them, have a share in the administration; and it seems to us fitting that in the outset the chief responsibility should be vested in the United States, as is the case.

We think it unfortunate that Congress has not at least passed a joint resolution pledging to the people of the Philippines civil and religious liberty, a public system of education, the expenditure in the Philippines of all revenues collected from the Philippines, and such share in the government as they prove themselves capable of taking. Practically all the people of both parties agree in at least as much as this, and a formal statement to this effect adopted by Congress might do much to allay suspicion and hostility and promote peace and good order. The more difficult questions might well be left to the future for settlement.

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Disorder in China

The insurrection of the Boxers, or Great Sword Society, in China, the progress of which has been reported from time to time in these columns, has been more serious in its destruction of the lives of foreigners than the world at large has realized. The Outlook gave its readers a week ago a summary of the joint action of the Great Powers requiring the suppression of the disorder within two months, and, in the event of the failure of the Chinese Government to meet this requirement, notification was given that order would be restored in the province by foreign authority. China is so vast a country, and the type of its political organization is so rudimentary, that rebellions have sometimes been carried on for decades in certain sections without disturbing the orderly procedure of life in other sections. The scene of the ravages of the Boxers is in the northeastern part of the country, in the Shantung province, along the River Hoang—a section in which the population is very dense, in which coal and iron are found in great abundance, and where silk is produced. During the past two years German influence has been paramount in Shantung. German prospectors have been exploring the country in all directions with a view to its development. During the past three years the crops have been so poor as to produce general suffering and so to feed the flames of popular discontent. In the autumn of 1898 a Catholic priest was maltreated, and several missionary stations, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, were invaded and partially destroyed. The Chinese officials, when appealed to, expressed their great regret, and declared that the offenders should be punished. The situation became more and more menacing; threats against the missionaries were heard on all sides, and many Catholic Christians underwent the pangs of martyrdom, some of them in the most terrible forms. Last March a company of German prospectors was attacked,

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and succeeded in escaping only after a desperate contest with their assailants. Then came the murder of Mr. Brooke, an Anglican missionary of great nobility of character and eminent service, by an armed party of Boxers. A letter describing this massacre will be found in The Outlook of March 31 last.

The conditions throughout this section of China have been favorable to a popular outbreak of wrath against foreigners. The people are intensely suspicious and are alarmed by absurd rumors, and when alarmed easily become infuriated and brutal. The appearance of German prospectors, contemporaneously with the building of the railroad, has convinced them that the very worst things which have been said about the intentions of the foreigners have a solid basis of fact. This popular feeling has served the purpose of the Society of Boxers, who began to attack the foreigners about a year ago, and who were first supposed to be fanatical haters of foreigners, but who are now known to be a great band of thieves who are making use of religious prejudices and the fears of their countrymen in order to prosecute their calling. For six months part of western Shantung has been under a reign of terror. Many Christians, and especially Roman Catholics, have laid down their lives for their faith; but very few people have been killed who were able or willing to pay blackmail to these thieves.

The brutality with which Mr. Brooke was put to death forced upon the Chinese Government a show of energetic action. The Governor of Shantung sent a party of soldiers against the Boxers, and the latter, after a sharp skirmish, were put to flight. This action seems to have brought grief rather than pleasure to the Governor, who promptly reported to Peking that the force he had sent had made a mistake and attacked a community of country people, and that he had in consequence punished three of the officers. The Boxers were not slow to understand the Governor's attitude. They attacked the missions with increased ferocity, and in a few weeks the more important of the Catholic stations had been destroyed. The Governor was removed, but the mischief was done. In February the Empress Dowager issued a proclamation in which she declared that Christians must not be maltreated, and that the authorities everywhere must suppress all attacks upon them. A new Governor has been appointed, and troops have been concentrated at strategical points where disturbance is most likely to occur. This action of the Chinese Government has probably been stimulated, or certainly hastened, by the determination of the Great Powers that there shall be no more trifling with the situation, and that any further disturbance will necessitate foreign intervention. No one seems to believe that the Dowager Empress is sincere in her expression of regret, or in her declaration that disorder shall be put down; on the contrary, the belief prevails that the Governor who was removed represented her feeling and carried out her policy, and that, unless her hand is forced, she will, by evasion and excuse of every kind, permit the Boxers to prosecute their profession and the rage of the people against foreigners to have full sweep. Meanwhile, German interests in the disturbed section are so important that, if the other Great Powers fail to protect their interests, Germany is likely to deal with the situation with characteristic energy and thoroughness.

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A Matter of Conscience

A very successful university President was asked some time ago what he considered the most important quality in a thorough administration of a college. He promptly replied, "The ability to bear and to give pain." Probably no new President of a college ever assumed his duties without finding in his faculty men who ought to be removed; those who were unfitted for their work, or who had allowed their work to outgrow them. Such men are to be found in almost every college faculty, and it is due to a certain lack of conscience that they are permitted to stay. For, after all, the supreme concern of a college is its ability to do what it ought in the best possible way for its students, and any one or anything which stands in the way of the highest efficiency ought to be put out of the way. This does not mean that such changes should be made heartlessly; on the contrary, they ought to be made with the utmost consideration; but they ought to be made. Most men are cowardly when it comes to giving pain.

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They are ready to bear it, but they shrink from imposing it upon others; and the result is that there is a great deal of poor work in the world, and a great deal of misleading and insincere indorsement of incompetent people. There is nothing more painful than to refuse to aid a thoroughly conscientious man who is trying to do something for which he is not fitted. Society is full of struggling men and women, eager to work, and ready to make any sacrifices, but entirely without fitness for the tasks they have set themselves to do. These men and women claim encouragement and indorsement, and one would be delighted to give the fullest possible indorsement to their character, their spirit, and their willingness to work; but if one has any conscience, he has no right to indorse the enterprises they have in hand, or to send them to the community with an indorsement of their ability to do the things which they have undertaken. If the lists of references published in the year-books of schools, for instance, were critically examined, it would be found that in a great many cases men of position have given indorsements without any real knowledge of the facts. It is not an uncommon thing to write to a person whose name appears as a reference and to receive a reply advising against any further dealings in that quarter.

Not many years ago, when an important position was to be filled in a leading college, one of the applicants brought the most unqualified letters of approval from a leading educator in a neighboring city. No indorsement could have been more sweeping or more cordial. When called upon personally, however, and asked to give his impressions in detail, the indorser immediately advised against having any relation whatever with the applicant, with whom, he declared, he had spent two of the worst years of his life, and who was an impossible person in working relations. This man had been guilty of a breach of faith with the public. Every man is guilty of a breach of faith who indorses any enterprise in the wisdom of which he does not believe, or any person whose competency he mistrusts. It is very painful to refuse such requests, and the man who has the courage to do it must endure misunderstanding and sometimes misrepresentation; but there is no character without pain, and no man can do his duty to himself or to the world if he shrinks from either bearing pain or giving it. To give pain for conscience' sake is sometimes an imperative duty.

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The Significance of the Novel

It is not many years since serious-minded people were earnestly questioning whether the novel was a real form of literature, or simply a literary device for wasting the time of a host of readers. To a great many good people the novel was something even worse than this; it was a source of demoralization, if not of corruption. The novel dealing exclusively with human experience has touched on many forbidden topics, has often clothed vice in the garments of virtue, and has separated sin from its punishment. A host of other novels have been mere wasters of time—written without conviction, knowledge of life, or literary skill, for the sole purpose of making money, and read by a multitude who care neither for veracity, quality, nor knowledge, but who simply wish to be entertained. But, against the drift of serious opinion, and in spite of constant misuse and abuse, the novel as a literary form has steadily made its way until it has become pre-eminently the literary form of our time; the form, that is, which most deeply, intimately, and frankly records the passion, the emotion, the questioning, and the aspiration of the age. If one is searching for the spirit of the last half-century, he will find it in certain ways more clearly reflected and more passionately expressed in fiction than in poetry; which means that, for that period of time at least, the novel has been nearer the heart of man. A great human activity in any department, sustained through many decades, always has some deep and vital impulse behind it; misuse and abuse of every kind cannot hide that fact and ought not to hide it. Fiction is as genuine, as vital, and as truly related to the spirit of man as the epic, the drama, or the lyric; the literary impulse behind it is as genuine, deep, and wholesome as the impulse behind these older forms of art.

The novel was the latest of all the great

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literary forms to secure perfect development. It is less than two centuries old; and for that very reason it means much in our modern life, and deserves the most careful study. This study Professor Francis H. Stoddard, of New York University, has given it in his "Evolution of the English Novel," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and which, in a brief and compact form, with clearness and definiteness, analyzes the novel from the historical point of view and relates it in a very interesting and significant fashion to contemporary spiritual life. Mr. Stoddard's study of the novel is so keen and full of insight that it throws light, not only on the evolution of the novel as a form of art, but also on the evolution of the fundamental modern idea—the idea which has found its most direct and practical expression in the political life of this continent. The novel which deals with personality, with history, with romance, with purpose, and with problem, is, in all these manifestations, in Mr. Stoddard's judgment, a record of emotion—the story of a single human life or of a group of human lives, of domestic life, of a great historical figure, or of some man of romantic temper, under the strain of emotion; and the great change which it registers is the shifting of the emphasis of interest from that which happens to the outer man to that which happens within a man; from the objective to the subjective; from the material or physical to the spiritual; in other words, from the portraiture of external circumstances and conditions to the portraiture of a man.

That has happened in literature which has happened in art; namely, the final emergence of the individual into clear light, the complete development of the personality. In the day of Cimabue and the earlier painters, the Madonna was a type, not an individual, and the light which shone upon her was from an external halo; a hundred years later the Madonna was an individual, not a type, and the light which shone from her was that which radiated from her own soul. The significance of her experience, the singular and almost divine loneliness of her position, were no longer matters of outward accident, but of inward experience. This tendency away from the conditions of life to the formative spirit of the individual is shown in all the arts. On the older stage the ghost of Banquo was visibly present; on the modern stage there is a light on an empty chair. The mystery of death and the hereafter now make their appeal to the imagination rather than to the eye; penitence is no longer expressed by external observances; it has become private duty; the college is no longer managed by the application of external authority; the character of the student and his individual gift are consulted and utilized; society is no longer ruled by an objective force, but, under the democratic system, by public opinion; authority represented in the State has been shifted from highly organized external force to inward character. Of this development from the outward to the inward, from a fixed social condition to the free activity of the individual, from the type to the person, the novel gives the fullest expression. Through all its stages, whether it deals primarily with manners, with plot, with history, with adventure, with ethical purpose, or with the complex problems of modern life, the novel tends more and more to study the human soul and to reveal it. There is hardly any phase of experience which it has left untouched; and it ought to be added that in none of its great forms is it likely to become obsolete. The novel of realism, with its emphasis on the fact, will always be needed to counteract the novel of romance, with its emphasis on sentiment, aspiration, and idealism; the novel of idealism will always be written so long as men have imagination; the novel of adventure will continue to be written, because the passion for adventure and action is deep-seated in the human spirit, and will never cease to demand expression; the novel of experience will always be written, because the instinct to drink the cup of life to the bottom is as deep-seated as the instinct for action; the novel of manners must find its place, because the novel is pre-eminently the product of modern society, with its complex relations and interrelations; while the novel of purpose and the novel of problem—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Annals of a Sportsman" on one side, and "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher" on the other side—will continue to be written so long as sensitive spirits are stirred by the consciousness of wrong in the social organi-

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zation, or are passing through those sharp crises which come from time to time in the development of the individual and of society. These lines of development, this growing complexity of interests and aims, Mr. Stoddard points out with the utmost clearness, and sums up his discussion with the declaration that the novel presents the modern criticism of life; and that, in its opportunity to deal with the artistic possibilities in ordinary life, and with the tragedies and comedies found in the joys and the aspirations of common human mortals, lies its mission—the mission of creative criticism.

❀

A Needed Educational Reform

One problem of education sorely needs to be taken up by our educators, which we are persuaded has not yet sufficiently occupied their attention. It is sometimes considered under the aspect of education and religion—the problem how religion can be preserved and promoted while education is being acquired; but the problem is really larger than this. We attempt here to do little more than state it.

The educational processes of our time, possibly of all time, are largely analytical and critical. They consist chiefly in analyzing the subjects brought to the student for his examination, separating them into their constituent parts, considering how they have been put together, and sitting in judgment on the finished fabric or on the process by which it has been constructed. Thus all or nearly all study is analytical, critical, a process of inquiry and investigation. The process presupposes an inquiring if not a skeptical mood. Doubt is the pedagogue which leads the pupil to knowledge. Does he study the human body? Dissection and anatomy are the foundations of his study. Chemistry? The laboratory furnishes him the means of analysis and inquiry into physical substances. History? He questions the statements which have been unquestioned heretofore, ransacks libraries for authorities in ancient volumes and more ancient documents. Literature? The poem which he read only to enjoy he now subjects to the scalpel, inquires whether it really is beautiful, why it is beautiful, how its meter should be classified, how its figures have been constructed. Philosophy? He subjects his own consciousness to a process of vivisection in an endeavor to ascertain the physiology and anatomy of the human spirit, brings his soul into the laboratory that he may learn its chemical constituents.

Meanwhile the constructive and synthetic process is relegated to a second place, or lost sight of altogether. Does he study medicine? He gives more attention to diagnosis than to therapeutics, to the analysis of disease than to the problem how to overcome it. Law? He spends more time in analyzing cases than in developing power to grasp great principles and apply them in the administration of justice to varying conditions. The classics? It is strange if he has not at graduation spent more weeks in the syntax and grammar of the language than he has spent hours in acquiring and appreciating the thought and the spirit of the great classic authors. It has been well and truly said of the modern student that he does not study grammar to understand Homer, he reads Homer to get the Greek grammar. His historical study has given him dates, events, a mental historical chart; perhaps, too, it has given him a scholar's power to discriminate between the true and the false, the historical and the mythical in ancient legends; but not to many has it given an understanding of the significance of events, a comprehension of or even any new light upon the real meaning of the life of man on the earth. This study of literature has made him wise in verbal, rhetorical, poetical forms; but it is at least doubtful whether it has added any charm to Tennyson, Browning, or Lowell; happy is he if these his once favorite authors have not been despoiled of something of their charm; still happier if his study of their products has been pursued in such a spirit as to give him any enlarged power to give utterance to great thoughts in beautiful forms. Has he been studying philosophy? Happy is he if, as a result of his analysis of self-consciousness, he has not become morbid respecting his own inner life, or cynically skeptical concerning the inner life of others.

It is doubtless in the realm of ethics and religion that the disastrous results of a too exclusive analytical process and a

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too exclusive critical spirit are seen. Carrying the same spirit, applying the same methods, to the investigation of religion, the Bible becomes to him simply a collection of ancient literature, whose sources, structure, and forms he studies, whose spirit he, at least for the time, forgets; worship is a ritual whose origin, rise, and development he investigates, whose real significance as an expression of penitence, gratitude, and consecration he loses sight of altogether; faith is a series of tenets whose biological development he traces, or a form of consciousness whose relation to brain action he inquires into, or whose growth by evolutionary processes out of earlier states he endeavors to retrace, forgetting meanwhile what is the meaning of the experience itself as a present fact in human life, what vital force and significance it possesses. Vivisection is almost sure sooner or later to become a post-mortem, and the subject of it, whether it be a flower, a body, an author, or an experience, generally dies under the scalpel. It is for this reason that so many students in school, academy, and college lose, not merely their theology, which is perhaps no great loss, but their religion, which is an irreparable loss, while they are acquiring an education.

It is easier to state the problem than it is to solve it. We are sure, however, that it is not to be solved by setting religion apart as something too sacred to be inquired into. The only result of so doing is to produce the impression that it is too timid to meet honest inquiry. Faith in the Bible cannot be promoted by warning students that they must not subject its contents to the most searching and the most scientific inquiry. Faith in God cannot be preserved by forbidding men to inquire whether the faith is rational or not. There is no Holy of Holies which scholarship may not enter and investigate. Curtained and concealed mysteries no longer produce awe; they only evoke skepticism and scoffing. Nor can the problem be solved by compelling the student to answer to a roll-call in a chapel where, however great the attendance, only a moderate proportion of the students really participate in the so-called devotional exercises. We do not mean here to discuss the difficult question of compulsory attendance at college chapel. There are weighty arguments in support of it. But, whatever reasons may be adduced to justify such attendance, it does not suffice to keep alive the spirit of religion in an atmosphere of study which is almost exclusively analytical and critical.

The rush for learning which characterizes the great university is certainly better than the rush for wealth which characterizes a great commercial city; nevertheless learning is no more a true end of life than wealth. Acquisition ought always to be for the sake of bestowing, whether the acquisition be of knowledge or of things. That the end of education is character is a truism, yet it is one to which our educational systems are by no means made consistently to conform. It is not enough that the teacher be a scholar, that is, an adept in the art of analysis; he ought also to be a man of character, with some power to impart that indefinable quality which we call life while he is imparting that definable quality which we call instruction. The vital and in some measure unanalyzable elements must be recognized far more than they are to-day in our great institutions of learning, and above all in our common-school system, where they are scarcely recognized at all by the governing bodies. History, literature, philosophy, must be studied as interpreters of life, and the life which they interpret must somehow be communicated in and through the study. The life and literature of the Hebrew people—that is, the Bible—must be studied with the same scientific freedom as the life and literature of the Greeks or the Romans; the phenomena of the religious life—worship, conversion, revivals—with the same scientific freedom as other phenomena of life. This literature and these phenomena must not be ignored because they are religious; but both must be studied under teachers who are capable of seeing the spirit in the literature and in the phenomena, and they must be studied for the purpose of realizing that spirit. The devotional life of the community must be nurtured by some other and better means than compulsory attendance on formal acts of worship once a day; in our great universities it is being so nurtured through voluntary organizations. The religious life of such organizations must be kept intelligent and rational, as the intellectual life of the

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college should be kept vital and in a broad sense spiritual. If these organizations are to serve their purpose well, the leadership must be carefully kept in the hands of men and women who have the intellectual respect of the students; and the music must be such as will at least not arouse the aversion if not the contempt of those who have cultivated tastes. But not only the devotional life, the philanthropic life of the community must be developed contemporaneously with its intellectual life. The notion was once popular that the mind could be best developed at the expense of the body, that sports and games and outdoor exercises were inconsistent with a student's life. We have gotten rid of that notion, and the best instructors now recognize the fact that time must be allowed in the curriculum for physical culture. We have yet to learn the correlative and not less important truth that the mind cannot be best developed at the expense of the spirit; time must be allowed and encouragement given for that unselfish service of others and those devotional exercises toward God without which the spiritual nature cannot be developed and can scarcely be kept alive; and the whole process of education must be made, if not less technical in its processes, more vital in its ends; if not less analytical, certainly more synthetic; not less careful of detail, but more comprehensive in its spirit, than it is at present.

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The Spectator

"Old John Brown," said the pundit at the head of the table, in answer to somebody's remark that for pure romance he read autobiographies, "took pains to tell, in the story of his life, that at four years of age he stole three large brass pins—the sound whipping he got saving him from becoming a thief rather than an honest man. No doubt the autobiographies of all of us might give similar stories. I might tell" (he was a Judge of the Supreme Court) "what it would shock you, possibly, to hear, how I stole a little dog when hardly big enough to drag it home, clipped it past recognition, and let it starve to death where I had hidden it in the woods—a fine opening, that, for my future career." He went on to say that the average autobiography would not be so much improved by a record of the delinquencies of childhood as by an open confession of what had been the moral weakness of the whole life—the chink in the armor through which might creep a temptation to steal, not anything, not everything—oh, no! but just one simple thing, the taking of which gave absolute satisfaction. Was it not Thackeray who discloses the occasional state of many when he said, "And now I should really like to try a little criminality"?

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The story-tellers were in full force; personal reminiscences somewhat akin to confessions were freely given. As everybody, even the most generous, is sure to have a stingy streak somewhere in his make-up, so on the seamy side of the fairest character may be found somewhere, although hardly discernible, what is proof sufficient that enough of the old Adam has survived in each of us to make the temptation to appropriate certain things something that is not always successfully resisted. With some of the narrators it was good lead-pencils, or umbrellas, or dodging of car-fares; with others nothing worse than over-extension of claim for "requisite perquisites," or to send letters with barely postage enough to carry them through. The unmistakable symptom of "the weakness," all were agreed, was indicated in any ruling desire to get the better of somebody else; and the Spectator could but note how much easier it was to locate "the weakness" elsewhere than in one's self.

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"Now there was —— ——," and the speaker gave the name of an honored statesman once a power in the land; "didn't I have an experience with his 'weakness' that I shall never forget? It was in the Hayes campaign, and we were stumping the Middle West together, making speeches night and day, pretty well used up, both of us, when we reached Columbus, two hours behind time, one night. A mammoth torchlight procession was waiting to escort us straight to the big mass-meeting, where we were expected to defeat and demolish entirely what the opposition press had been saying against our candidate that day. We were famished, but must wait

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until after the meeting for our dinner. Bowing to the cheering of the crowd as we rode through the main streets, each was trying to focalize on what he must say and what must be left unsaid. My friend turned to me in the midst of a grand display of sky-rockets and asked nervously what points I meant to dwell upon. He was to speak first—was to make the leading address. 'Oh, I am going to tell a good story I thought of to-day,' I replied; 'it will be a great hit; I will need to say little more.' I told him the story, and he laughed uproariously. 'Capital! capital!' he exclaimed. 'That turns the tide with a vengeance.' Now imagine my amazement to hear him begin his address with my story, and then take up the very points in application that I was to follow. I sat dumfounded through it all; to speak at all was the most painful effort of my public life. . . . And what did he say to me afterwards? Why, that he simply couldn't help it—the temptation was too much for him."

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"We have all met that style of moral delinquent," spoke up the reparteeist of the party. "He gives us the chance of hearing our most brilliant *bons mots* repeated as his own; he snatches our pet stories from our very lips; and if he is a littérateur, we may read our bright sayings as his, and enjoy hearing him called such an original fellow—'Ah, don't you wish you might turn off something like that, now?'"

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"I have known men," came solemnly from the founder of a public library, "who might be trusted in bank vaults with kegs of uncounted ducats, and yet it would never do to leave them unwatched among rare old books and manuscripts. The temptation to steal an autograph, a rare old map or illustration, from books considered valueless is too much for them, even when they are proof against carrying off priceless treasure, Elzevirs, Aldines, and the like. There was the Count Libri case, for instance, and that of the Italian Barrios—what they stole from the public libraries of France in the way of manuscripts, and sold to the Earl of Ashburnham alone, it cost the French Government some twenty-four thousand pounds to get back. Count Libri had been commissioned to make a general catalogue of the public libraries of France—the accumulations of centuries—and, of course, discovered much that only a trained specialist would know the value of. Yes, the average bibliophile will bear watching when he prowls in the dusty corners of an old library."

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The confessions of the book-collectors were most entertaining, and of the picture-buyers as well, leading up to those showing how hard, even impossible, it is for some natures to resist outwitting the custom-house officer or the agent of a great railroad company. The Spectator had to confess his "weakness" with the rest. Perhaps it had never defined itself to him as his inherent temptation before. *Cats*—yes, from a child, he had been inclined to appropriate coveted pussies (he did not like to say steal), if he could not get them by fair means. The fact that there is something in the law making cat-stealing an impossibility he learned for the first time, after his brave confession, and was greatly comforted—felt not a little like a very honest man among thieves, particularly after a stock-broker had divulged what he found it very hard to resist—sweetly implying that he did not, when tempted in that way, "always stand upright."

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"But, all in all," was the closing sentiment, "it is an honest world, and the majority of our fellow-men are honest, as a rule. If you lose a roll of bills—excepting in certain localities—the chances are you will get it back again, and the man who brings it may be one who will get the better of you in making change, or who has been known to work off a counterfeit quarter by dropping it in the alms-basin." "It isn't the folks who steal from others that need looking after," said an old lady of the Spectator's acquaintance, "any more than those who steal from themselves—those old folks, now, who get too stingy in their old age to give themselves one-half the comfort they might." This recalls to the Spectator what Byron once said upon that subject:

> So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
> I think I must take up with avarice.

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Encouraging Tendencies in American Life[1]

By Lyman Abbott

MR. CHAIRMAN and Gentlemen of the Schoolmasters' Club: I thank you for the warm welcome you have given to me, because I confess that it is with a certain sense of apprehension that I find myself facing such an audience as this. I do not know whether your habit of criticising your pupils has become so fixed that I cannot escape from it, or so burdensome that you are glad to get rid of it—I shall hope this afternoon that the latter is the case. I asked your chairman a few moments ago how long I was expected to speak, and he replied, I think in a very dangerous fashion, "Any length." I thought it dangerous, because there are two classes of gentlemen in the community—clergymen and United States Senators—who, to borrow another man's *bon mot*, whatever freight they carry, are apt to lack terminal facilities. I shall hope at least to show you this afternoon that I learned in my youth one lesson, which was given to me by a Methodist minister at the time I entered the ministry; he said, "I have determined that I will not try to make myself immortal by being eternal."

Perhaps I am in a measure responsible for the topic which has been allotted for this afternoon. There is so much, in the public press and in public discussion, of warning, of admonition, of comment, on dangerous tendencies, that it seems to me wise now and then to consider what are the encouraging and healthful tendencies in a great democracy.

I shall speak only on that side of American life this afternoon. I do not believe in the motto, "Look on the bright side of things." The brave man does not content himself with looking on the bright side of things; he looks on all sides of things; but then he does not expect to get courage to face the evils by always looking at them and never looking at the good. That there are dangerous tendencies in American life, that there are dangerous tendencies in democracy, is apparent to us all; but are there not also some tendencies which we are less apt to take account of and which are working for the highest and the best in the community? You may recall that picture in "Pilgrim's Progress" in which Christian is taken by the interpreter into a room, and there sees some one throwing water on the fire, and the more water is thrown the hotter burns the fire. Christian cannot understand it till the interpreter takes him around to the other side of the partition, and there he finds that some one unseen is feeding the fire with oil. I believe, gentlemen, that there are unseen, or at least little-recognized, ministries in this country which are feeding the fires with oil, and it is to some of those ministries that I am glad to call your attention to-day.

And first among them I count the home. I believe the American homes, in spite of much imperfection, in spite of much failure, are the best homes the world has ever seen anywhere. Happier by far than the homes of olden time; happier, on the whole, than the homes of any other country. In no other land is woman so much respected as in America; in no other country have the parents so much of hope and so much of ambition for their children. There is just this difference between the city of the Old World and the city of the New. There may be as much of poverty, as much of squalor, in New York as in London, but it is a distinctly different type in London. The families have largely gone there from the country, on a downward grade; they have carried with them discouragement; they live in despair. In New York—still more, I imagine, in Boston—they are on an upward grade; they are immigrants who have come here to better their condition, who have come here expecting better things for themselves and for their children. It would not be easy to find in the tenement-houses of New York a household in which the father and mother, whatever despair they may have for themselves,

[1] The Schoolmasters' Club is an organization of head masters of eastern Massachusetts, some three hundred in number, comprising representatives of both public and private schools, and giving a banquet, with addresses, four times a year. This paper is the substance of an address at the Dinner of this Club at the Brunswick, Boston, Mass., Saturday afternoon, February 17, 1900.

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do not expect something better for their children than they have ever known in the past. It is for this reason that so many fathers, who are willing to be ignorant or think they must remain so, are very urgent that their children should go to the public school. It is for this reason that so many fathers, who are quite willing to be irreligious, are more than willing that their children should go to the Sunday-school. This is partly to get rid of caring for the children week-days and Sundays; but not altogether that, not even largely that; on the whole, a real, earnest, and often strenuous desire for a better, larger, nobler life for the children animates them. It is not a little thing that in this country, from these myriad homes, there are going forth these influences leading the children upward and forward. It is not a little thing that in these homes, in lieu of that dull despair of the Old World which men miscall content, there has come the eager, sometimes too eager, the strenuous, sometimes too strenuous, ambition which is seeking a better future for the children.

Secondly, affiliated with the home are the schools of America. Our public-school system is not all, certainly, that you wish it to be, or that any student of the situation wishes it to be; but compare it with the provisions made for the education of the common people anywhere else and tell me what there is like it in the world! There is something magnificent in this experiment of seventy millions of people educating themselves—not depending on bishops or lords or aristocracies, not even on intellectual aristocracies, but themselves making the machinery, organizing it, securing the officers, creating the organization out of which the education of the entire Nation is to come. It is the most splendid educational spectacle the world has ever seen—a whole nation transforming itself into a great university.

Travel through the West, and wherever you go you find the finest buildings to be, not railroad stations, not great warehouses, not commercial buildings, but generally the school-houses. I traveled a year ago last spring through the burnt district of Minnesota. The conductor stood by my side on the platform and pointed out where this dark tragedy took place. We finally came to a burnt village, and stopped for a moment. It had been swept clean by fire, as a face is swept by a razor; the present houses of the people were little shanties that had just been put up; but there was one good, reputable, well-constructed brick building. "What is that?" said I. "The school-house," said he. "And the school-house was saved from the fire?" "No," said he; "they built it since; it was the first thing they did." We have much criticism of the public school, much criticism of the school-books, much criticism of the methods—and it is very well we have. I suppose school-teachers, as well as ministers, need the prodding of criticism, though they do not always like it. But the public school is one of the encouraging tendencies of American life, and it is an upward tendency, witnessed by the increasing development, enrichment, and equipment of our great school system.

Scarcely less hopeful is the tendency of our literature. There is a great deal said about the cheap novel and the sensational story, and every now and then some boy is arrested who has formed a boys' band of robbers or undertaken to wreck a railroad train, and the newspaper tells us that it is because the boys have been reading sensational stories. We get an impression that the only cheap stories circulated in this country are the stories that make robbers and train-wreckers. But it is not so. It must be over thirty years ago that Fletcher Harper, then the head of the house of Harper & Brothers, spoke to me on this subject of cheap literature. About that time the "dime novel" was a term to express a poor story, because only poor stories were sold for a dime. In that conversation he said to me, "I may not live to see it, but you will, when the best classics in English literature will be sold in America for ten cents." It has come. You can buy the very best of the uncopyrighted English novels for a quarter, and oftentimes for ten cents—if you do not care what kind of print you read. And, observe, this does not merely mean that the people *can* get the best literature, it means they *do* get the best literature; for it would not be printed if it was not sold, and it would not be printed at ten cents if it was not sold in enormous quantities. I fell into conversation a few years ago with Mr. Poole, of "Poole's Index," the

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Librarian of the Chicago Library—I quote from memory, and I would not hold him responsible in detail, but substantially what he said to me was this: "I have been keeping an account of the kind of books that are taken out of the Chicago Library, and I find that there is in the same class of readers, and often in the same reader, a steady appreciation. She (she is generally a shop-girl) begins with the poorest, and climbs steadily up—Mrs. Southworth, E. P. Roe, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, and then there begin to come travels, voyages, biography, history. This is our common experience," he said, "in Chicago." And I suppose it is not worse in the "Athens of America." I fell into conversation only a few weeks ago with a gentleman who had been traveling, I think he told me, twenty-five years or so for the American News Company. He told me the same story. He said, "Where we used to sell great numbers of poor trash, we now sell great numbers of the best of the novels." These isolated testimonies all point to the same conclusion: we are creeping up in the quality of our popular literature. When one reads some of the daily newspapers, it requires a good deal of optimistic faith to hold fast to that opinion. Nevertheless, gentlemen, the habit of reading, universal in America, gradually develops the desire for better reading, and we are growing in our intelligence and in our culture.

I suppose some of you, at least, may smile if I suggest that our politics afford some very encouraging indications of upward tendencies in American life. It is true that if we were to trust the party press we should believe that the Nation is divided into two parties nearly equally matched and equally bad: the Republican papers are sure that the Democrats are fools or knaves, and the Democratic papers are sure that the Republicans are fools or knaves. Nevertheless, what a splendid educational effect a great political campaign produces! There are hundreds of thousands of men who scarcely knew what the word "currency" meant ten years ago, who know more about bimetallism to-day than some bankers knew ten years ago. The very fact that this question, whether we should have gold or silver or gold and silver, was thrown upon the country and made a subject on which the country must itself pass its own judgment, compelled us to study. All through the West there were night schools organized by both parties; not very scientific, I grant you, not very wisely organized, not very well taught. Nevertheless, the way to develop judgment is to exercise judgment; and men who had not much financial judgment, by the exercising of it, grew in wisdom.

Let us not think that the American people are to be measured by the careless or the passionate or the hysterical utterances which now and then are thrown out. I do not think we really do make that mistake. We take our paper and we read on one page some man affirming that the "little Napoleon" who is in the Presidential chair is undertaking to wreck the American Republic and rear upon it the ruins of a Roman empire, and then we turn to the next column and we find another man accusing the honored Senator of this State of treason because he does not hold the opinions of his young censor; and we shrug our shoulders, partly with amusement, partly with indignation, at this hysteria, which is not one of the encouraging signs of American life, and turn over to read something better worth reading. For, gentlemen, these are not the utterances that appeal to the conscience or to the intelligence or to the thought of America. Thousands of Americans have been looking into the Constitution, and into the Declaration of Independence, and into the history of the past, and have been relearning the principles of America, and have been relearning how to apply those principles in the future course of this Nation. We weary of the perpetual recurrence of these problems; we sometimes long for a peaceful and quiet time; but, gentlemen, you in your profession do for your pupils what God does for us—when your boy does a sum, and gets it right, you rub it out and give him a harder one to do next time.

I do not see how any man can look back over the history of the last hundred years and not see that this Nation not only has made progress, but has made progress absolutely without parallel, except possibly it be in the history of Great Britain, which is well-nigh as democratic as we are. There is still corruption, still dishonor, still many a shameful deed;

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but, none the less, look at the history! Have we made no progress in Civil Service Reform since the days of Abraham Lincoln? No progress in public education within the last quarter-century? Have we solved no problems? We have broken the shackles of the slave, and yet preserved our Constitution unbroken; we have widened our Nation until it extends from ocean to ocean; and now already our flag flies over distant lands, to carry, if we are true to our American principles, our American traditions, and our American life, the liberty which that flag has carried wherever it has gone. We are not a decaying Nation, we are a living and growing Nation. Compare America with England, with Germany, with France, with Austria, with Italy, and tell me what nation has produced a greater constellation of statesmen than this country, with Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and Webster and Clay and Lincoln and Sumner and Seward and Chase—I will not come down to present time lest I might arouse partisan feelings.

Then, gentlemen, there is the effect which the Christian religion is producing in America. There are a great many who are of the opinion that the Church is losing its power. Perhaps it is. I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I say it is not a matter of great concern to me whether the Church is losing its power if Christianity is gaining in power. We are not to confound religion with the institutions of religion, nor think, if I may coin a word, that Christianity and Churchianity are the same. I do not myself, as a Christian minister, see any better way to-day by which to promote the spirit of Christianity than through the institutions of religion which now exist among us—that spirit which says, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But as I look back over the pages of the past, I see perfectly clearly that whenever men have confounded religion with the institutions of religion they have made a fatal mistake. Religion did not cease when the Tabernacle was taken down and the Temple was built; nor when the Jews were driven out of the Temple and out of Jerusalem, and scattered in exile in Babylonia; nor when synagogues were built to take the place of the Temple; nor when the synagogues and the Temple were both destroyed, under Titus, and the Jewish people were dispersed everywhere; nor when the primitive Church gradually lost much of its primitive simplicity and merged itself in the great, strong, rich, organized, imperial Roman Catholic Church; nor when the Roman Catholic Church was split in sunder, and half of the people went off and formed new institutions of religion; and religion would survive to-day if the Protestant churches all were to pass through a transition similar to that through which the churches of the past have passed. Understand me, I am not speaking in derogation of the Church; I am only trying to make clear this: that religion is more than the building which it occupies, more than the tool which it uses, more than the church which represents it. Religion is breaking the bounds of the institutions of religion; it is no longer confined to the churches. I can remember when we never saw a report of a sermon in a newspaper. Sometimes, when I see them as reported now, I wish that that time would come again. But our great newspapers and our great magazines discuss questions from the point of view at least of ethics, if not of religion. The question has been greatly discussed in our country whether we should have the reading of the Bible and the offering of prayer in the public schools. To read the Bible with an irreverent spirit is irreligious, and to carry the reverent spirit into the school without the Bible is religious. The question is not what book is on the desk, but what kind of a man stands behind it.

If we measure this country by the standards of its life, it is a more Christian country than it ever was in the past, and I dare to think more Christian than any other country; with more love of men, with more justice to men, with more real desire for human welfare, with more at least of the spirit of brotherhood, if not more of reverence for the Eternal Father. I could easily have spoken of discouraging aspects, and with a little thought and a little preparation I could make a speech almost as long as this on the other side; but it is, I think—and I close with what I began—well at times for us, facing the discouraging tendencies of democracy (and they are many), to see what are some of

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the secret, unrecognized, but powerful and overmastering influences which are making for a larger liberty, a larger justice, a larger manhood, a kingdom of righteousness, justice, and peace—that is, a kingdom of God on the earth.

Will it Last?

By Jacob A. Riis

THE most frequent comment one hears these days on the campaign against intrenched vice that has compelled attention during the winter is in the form of a question, "Will it last?" and the other, "What good is going to come of it?" The two are really one. Nobody doubts that, if it lasts, good will come of it. What the man means who asks is, therefore, whether there is power enough behind the movement. Will Parkhurst or Felix Adler, as the case may be, hold out? Will they be able to keep it up—till election, say?

Without stopping to pass any comment on the attitude of the citizen who is willing to stand by and see two or three or a dozen men lift the load he mistrusts is too heavy for them, and not jump in to lend a hand, seeing that it is his load they are lifting, perhaps we can find the answer by looking around a bit and getting the bearing of things.

Recently, in trying to help the people of Chicago understand how a city grows a slum, with all that it means, I had occasion to go back over the record of fifty years of successive awakenings in New York City. Doubtless, at the time, they were called crusades. A few of them we can all recall; more we have forgotten. We remember the one that landed the thief Tweed in jail, and the uprising against the tenement evil in 1879, in which our day of conscience broke. The latest of them all, the Lexow inquisition, we hear the echoes of yet. Most likely the man who asks what good will come of it has that in mind. I hear it put that way every day in Mulberry Street, where Police Headquarters is. It is a fact that not one of the policemen who were caught in the Committee's drag-net was convicted, or stayed convicted. They are all out and enjoying their reward. One of them is chief of the police force to-day, and sneers contemptuously at Grand Juries and indictments. "What do they amount to?" he says. "I have been indicted before."

True! But, though guilty men escaped, Dr. Parkhurst's crusade gave us Roosevelt and Waring. It gave us the Citizens' Union and its candidate. They lost? Yes, and Waring is dead. But our streets are clean. Some defeats are only installments of victory. Without Roosevelt and Low we should not have had Coler and Keller—the latter, though an out-and-out Tammany man, the best Charities Commissioner New York has had in a long time. With them we can afford a Devery as seasoning. It is the virtue of seasoning that it bites. But note that between the last indictment and the present arraignment of police management there was but five years.

There was one thing that struck me in the review of New York's awakenings: their periods were noticeably shortening. Abram S. Hewitt said once that everything took ten years in New York—and it did; but it doesn't any longer. When Tammany came back with the Greater New York, everybody said, "Now it is fixed for twenty years." "The Hall" knew better. It was in such haste to fill its pockets that it threw caution to the winds, and raised taxes, assessments, and salaries all at once. And the event showed that there was need of hurry. Three years have not passed, and already Tammany is challenged from without and within its own camp. Not its stanchest friend would predict a walk-over for it next year, even with the subway job and the patronage mill worked to the uttermost.

The difference in motive was striking, too. It used to be fear that set us to cleaning up. The dread of cholera led to the organization of the Board of Health in 1865. The draft riots had discovered the slum to the people with a shock. To-day the city builds play-piers and lays

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out neighborhood parks for the children as a matter of right. No one questions it. Five years ago only I was required to promise, as a condition of the privilege of one boys' club being accorded house-room in an East Side school, that I would not advocate before the Board any extension of that privilege. To-day we have a law declaring that the schools belong to the people and may be used by them for any reasonable purpose of recreation. Conscience has taken the place of fear as the compelling motive.

Another thing in the old record made me stop and think: the steady endeavor to shift an unwelcome job upon some one in authority, in office; trying to get the law to do the citizen's work, to make it shape progress when its office is only to record it. The result was dead-letter laws, embalmed citizenship. Is it Victor Hugo who speaks of the Anglo-Saxon reverence for law, so great that it never permits one to be repealed—the balance being restored by never enforcing any? To-day that is caricature. Only yesterday the whole police force was in contempt of a city ordinance, surviving from the days of the Knickerbockers, which commanded it to sweep the snow away before every negligent householder's door and collect from him "one pistareen" per lot for the trouble. Not one of them all even knew what a pistareen was until a reviewer of the code translated the old Mexican coin into its American equivalent, "eighteen and three-quarters cents," and left it there for Mayor Strong's administration to rejoice in. That excellent gentleman was required by the code to license "chimney-sweeps of good moral character" and to prevent the sale of cattle except "in the Fourth Avenue at Eighty-eighth Street"! These were ridiculous instances of municipal irresponsibility. Roosevelt found enough that were not ridiculous, but to the last degree injurious, to require his whole attention while he was Police Commissioner. And we made him Governor for it. That is the difference. We grew to the stature of responsible citizenship in the interval.

When I had finished the review, I went out and took a look at Chicago. With that preparation, it was a curious experience. Several times I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not dreaming of New York twenty-five years ago. The dirty streets, the overflowing garbage-boxes that lined the sidewalks, the slovenliness of tenement landlords, the scandalous parody on charity which I saw re-enacted in their police station shelters for the homeless poor—they were our troubles over again. Our past troubles. By them at least we should be harassed no more. We were safely beyond them. Chicago will get out too, following our lead. They are having an awakening there now. Her citizens are bestirring themselves to make a better city, where before they thought only of a bigger one.

So, when I am asked the question, now that I have come back, "What good will come of it?" I point to our clean streets, our decent schools, our neighborhood parks, our model tenements that are leading the way for better homes, to Roosevelt, to the Mulberry Bend vanquished, and the slum with it. These are what came of it before. I point to the Citizens' Union, to the Good Government clubs that went, but left us these things as their legacies. As separate organizations they may cease to exist. As parts of the movement toward better things that has borne such fruit in one decade they live on, with or without name of their own. That movement is constant, irresistible. If it were not, our whole theory of government would be false and a failure. Tammany blocks the way ineffectually, and no one knows it better.

It is bound to last. Not necessarily just as we see it to-day. Attacks upon vice, upon police mismanagement, upon political corruption, are just so many signs that the citizen sleeps uneasily under misgovernment. He is turning in bed and stretching himself before waking up. When will he wake up? That depends. Tammany has experience. It scents a bad day far ahead. It is intrenching itself with all the power of a perfect organization and of unlimited patronage. The municipal election comes in 1901.

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Northward Through Luzon[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines.

ON December 24, 1899, after a short spell in Manila, I found myself again buying paper for insulating purposes, as I was again to travel on the hot iron roof of a box car. During the two months that had elapsed since I first journeyed to Angeles many things had changed. Organized warfare in the central provinces of Luzon had practically ended, the railway was in operation its entire length, and the country, as a whole, had taken on a mellow autumnal tint. The flooded fields of growing rice—the most refreshing and greenest of green—had given way to vast stretches of pale straw color, dotted with little cocks of ripened grain and grazing carabaos. The swamp-like paddy-fields were now as hard as the main roads, for the water had been drained off and no rain had fallen for weeks. Brown patches varied the color of the mountain sides, the tall cogon-grass had turned a silvery gray, the brimming rivers had shrunk to insignificant streams, and dust had taken the place of mud. I noticed, too, that the one-time deserted villages were full of people. The dry season was at hand, and peace, for this part of the island at least, had been established.

My fellow upper-deck passengers were a music-teacher, a young man who was going into business "somewhere" with a box of lemons, a half-drunken negro who would sing, a commissary officer, and eight privates. The negro did not go very far with us. The first curve in the road left him comfortably seated in a convenient mud-hole, where he still continued to sing, thus showing again that there is a special providence for children and drunkards. All that day, from nine until five, I listened to a dissertation on music. By that hour, according to the time-table, we should have reached Bayambang, my destination, but in reality we had not progressed further than Bamban. Four miles further up the road the engine blew its head off, or something of that description, and there we stuck, five hundred of us, sun-baked and hungry, to spend our Christmas Eve. Another engine was sent for, and in the meantime, as the sun went down behind the mountains, we sat and speculated. Later, prompted perhaps by the remembrance of the day, a bottle was passed up to us; the young commercial man produced one of his lemons, a soldier had a new sock full of brown sugar, another had water in his canteen—the result was punch. Then somebody unearthed a can of salmon and some army hardtack, and we had our supper in the starlight, accompanied by the incessant chirping of myriad insects. Fortunately, I had taken the precaution to fill my pockets with cigars before leaving, so we did not go short of an after-dinner smoke, which we enjoyed lying at full length on the iron roof, talking the while about home and other Christmas Eves. About eleven o'clock a second engine came to our aid with a great show of pyrotechnics, but it, too, blew its head off by the time we reached Capas, and we made another prolonged stay. Here the commissary officer and myself, being still hungry, tried to find something to eat. One raw egg and one pickle, however, were the sole result of our trouble. We therefore returned to the top of our box car, unrolled our solitary blanket, and went to sleep. It was the most precarious sleeping-place, however, in which I had yet found myself; for we started on again about two in the morning at a good rate of speed, and the convex roof was without even a rivet-head to hold on by. The night was cold and the curves filled us with terror—altogether it was an unhappy ride.

As I was desirous of getting back into the Zambales mountains, where I heard the Thirty-sixth Regiment was operating, I hired two natives and a dugout canoe next morning at Bayambang, and started down stream toward Mangatarem, a distance of some eighteen miles. The Agno River, in the wet season, is navigable for small steamers for forty or fifty miles, and is the people's highway for transportation. In

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December, however, the stream will only permit the passage of cascoes, which are propelled with poles. The river-bed is deep and wide, and the current swift. With one man poling in the bow of the canoe, and the other steering with a broad paddle, we reached the ford at Urbistondo in five hours. Though not particularly beautiful, this part of the river is not without interest, inasmuch as the country is thickly populated, and picturesque villages, cascoes, fishermen, and people washing are constantly seen on both banks. White herons, gorgeous blue and crimson kingfishers, and many other birds of exquisite plumage were common, and clouds of whistling ducks—a species of teal, I imagine—circled over the swamp-lands near the river. Iguanas from eighteen inches to two feet in length, and similar to the Australian reptile, infested both the river and the steep banks. I also saw two alligators on the trip, and a chattering group of monkeys.

A walk of two miles from Urbistondo brought me to the town of Mangatarem, where I arrived at headquarters in season for Christmas dinner; and, as sauce, I received a lecture for making the trip alone. Though the majority of the insurrectos in the central and northern parts of Luzon have resumed their white shirts and gone to work in the fields, there are many small bands of discontented ones roaming about the mountains, and still more in the villages and towns who have rifles. These people will not attack a strong, well-armed party, but they do not hesitate to waylay, rob, and murder those whom they think can be taken without much danger to themselves. In spite of the offer of thirty pesos for every rifle given up to American authorities, comparatively few have been turned in, and for this reason, unless very stringent measures are taken, it will not be wholly safe for one or two men to travel anywhere in Luzon for years. In this regard I cannot help thinking that the "humane" war the Americans are urging here has its disadvantages. In legitimate warfare the release of prisoners as soon as they are taken may, in time, have a good effect upon the people, but with ladrones or bandits, whose sole object is plunder, and who have no fear of jail, such treatment is ridiculous. These robbers by heritage, fear nothing and care for nothing but force. The only way of putting them down, therefore, is by force. Give them a certain time to deliver up their arms and "be good;" after that time, shoot every man caught red-handed in the plaza of the nearest town.

From Mangatarem I made several trips to adjoining towns and into the mountains which border the coast. The whole district, practically, like the rest of Pangasinan, is given up to rice-growing, which is produced greatly in excess of the people's wants and is of a superior quality. At the time I visited the district the greater part of the people had left the towns and were living in little bamboo shelters in the rice-fields in order to be near their work. The harvesting season here runs from December until the end of February, and the harvesters, many of whom came great distances from the north, live in the fields meanwhile. They use neither reapers, scythes, nor sickles, but cut each head of grain separately with a small knife set crosswise in a wooden handle. As they cut the grain they make it into bundles about the size of a man's head, which are first spread out in the sun to dry and later stacked in little cocks. Hardwood sledges with great rectangular baskets of bamboo, and drawn by carabaos, are used to haul the grain from the fields. The workers are paid no money for their labor, but receive a certain share of the rice, some of which they keep for food and the remainder they sell. If a man both plants and reaps, the product is equally divided between the landowner and himself. If he be merely a reaper, his share is proportionately smaller. A rice-field just before sunset, with two or three hundred men, women, and children in broad hats and bright costumes, with stacks of yellow grain and many water-buffaloes, is one of the sights of the Philippines. For their own use the people also grow cotton, maize, cocoanuts, betel-nuts, and tobacco. Of fruits there is an abundance of bananas and mangoes—the latter of exquisite flavor. The Zambales mountains, which adjoin the town limits of Mangatarem, abound in magnificent timber, which, from want of proper transportation, still remains to be cut. They also contain marble and jasper of various colors, both of which have been worked to a very

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limited extent. The virgin forests of the mountains are as fine as I have ever seen in hardwood timber; and I had pointed out to me a dozen valuable woods in large quantities within the radius of a mile. Molave, narra, banaba, ubien, bacayao, quitaquita, basili, caliot, yacal, palonapoy, gatasan, yamban, are the most plentiful, but there are many other beautiful and valuable woods in smaller quantities. Deer and wild hogs make the mountains a good hunting-ground for those who do not mind rough, dangerous work, while for the less ambitious there are mountain cocks, ducks, pigeons, and a species of quail in abundance. The town of Mangatarem was laid out with a great deal of skill and taste. The streets are wide and placed at right angles, and the plaza in the center is one of the finest in the provinces. It is divided by a tree-shaded walk, has running water all around it, and is decorated with twelve handsome Doric columns, each cut from a single stone. The church and convento are at present in ill repair, but the remainder of the town shows evidences of past wealth, and there is no doubt that in the future it will again be one of the best towns in Pangasinan. From Mangatarem I made my way northward to Dagupan, where Captain Buck was rapidly forming a new municipal government and restoring order, and thence took the coast road (one of the best in the country, by the way) into the province of La Union.

I now left the railroad, and all that it implies, behind me; henceforth my good little Philippine pony must carry both me and my belongings. My plans were to travel north as far as San Fernando (La Union), and then strike east into the mountainous and little-known interior, which is inhabited by a tribe of savages called Igorotes. As far as I could learn, the Igorote country was an untouched field; certainly writers of English had never visited it, and apparently the Spaniards had given the wilder regions a wide berth. The stories I heard of it and its people were like those told of most places which are little known and hard to reach—marvelous. Though I took these stories with a good many grains of salt, they excited my curiosity sufficiently to lead my somewhat uncertain steps in that direction.

My first day's ride took me along the southern shore of the Lingayen Gulf—a charming road, running between cocoanut groves nearly all the way, and thronged with people. All were peasants, dressed, for the most part, in brighter colors than the people of the central provinces, and nearly all were laden—some with bunches of deep-yellow palay balanced on their heads, others with half a dozen cocoanuts on a pole, others with long bamboos full of native wine made from the nipa-palm, others with bananas, native cloth, water-jars, baskets of fowls, eggs, live pigs hung by the legs on a stout bamboo, and all manner of native produce. It was market day in Dagupan. As my pony ambled along the shaded road I was constantly greeted, sometimes in Spanish, but more often in Pangasinane or Ilocano. All were friendly and courteous; and as I looked into their faces it was apparent to me that I had left the country of the Tagalogs behind. Perhaps three-fourths of the inhabitants of Pangasinan are Ilocanos—a people occupying the northwest provinces, and decidedly different from the Tagalogs. While the latter are clever, shrewd, sharp traders, malcontents, treacherous, born liars and natural thieves, the former are industrious, pacific, and honest, though less intelligent. The Ilocanos, moreover, differ slightly from the Tagalogs in appearance. As a rule, they are larger-boned, more ruddy of countenance, and broader-featured. Their eyes are usually more elongated; and it is probable that the abandoned followers of the notorious Chinese pirate Limahong had much to do in forming the tribe. As a whole, the Ilocanos have an excellent name throughout the island; and from what I have seen of them I think they deserve it. Though many of them were pressed into the service of the insurrectos, they promptly abandoned their arms when they were given the opportunity, and at this time certainly the Ilocano provinces are the safest for travelers in the island. At St. Fabian I stopped over night with the padre, Domingo de Vera, and I slept with fifteen other persons in one large room. His reverence had one corner, several girls and children another corner, three boys occupied the third, and women filled the fourth. Of necessity I camped in the center, and, like the rest, on the floor. Conforming to the apparent custom of the house, I undressed

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only to the extent of removing my hat and boots.

Three days of easy riding over the ups and downs of the foot-hills along the coast took me through the towns of Santo Tomas, Agoo, Aringay, Banang, and into San Fernando, the capital of the little province. In every town I put up invariably with the local Presidente, or Alcalde, as he is called in Cuba, and was treated with much consideration. My pony was well taken care of, I was treated as a distinguished guest, and in no case was I permitted to pay. And this in spite of the fact that all of my hosts had received their positions from the insurrectos, and were then rebels at heart. As the officials of each town spoke Spanish, I found no difficulty in making my wants known, getting information, and being comfortable.

La Union is essentially a tobacco province. This has come about from the fact that the amount of land available for agricultural purposes is small. Steep mountains covered with small trees, scrub, and coarse grass occupy most of the territory; and were all the flats and valleys to be planted in such a crop as rice, it would be insufficient to support the population. Though the quality of the tobacco grown is much inferior to that raised in Cagayan and other northern provinces, it is nevertheless a good-paying crop, for La Union is known as a rich province. The different grades of tobacco sell on the spot from two dollars to eight dollars, Mexican, per quintal, and most of the product is bought by one firm—perhaps the largest of its kind in the world—the Compañia Tabacalera. La Union also produces a small quantity of rice, sugar, cotton, and a red dye named capas, all of which go into local consumption. Hand-looms are to be found in nearly all the houses, and some of the fabrics woven by the women, though somewhat gaudy from our standpoint, show an innate sense of the artistic in the people. As in Pangasinan, the greater part of the land is owned in small lots and by the people. Every one has some land, and every one, therefore, has a interest in agriculture. And this, I think, is one great reason why the Ilocanos and Pangasinanes differ from the Tagalogs, and prefer peace to war. In Cavite and in other Tagalog provinces the land is mainly the property of the monastic orders and of a few individuals who live in Manila, and this lack of property interest has undoubtedly much to do with making Cavite the worst province in the archipelago. As I journeyed north I met hundreds of Ilocanos making their way to Pangasinan for the harvesting season. They traveled in bands of fifty or one hundred, generally bearing their wives and children in hooded bamboo carts drawn by small, humpbacked Indian bulls. The latter are used in this part of the country in preference to carabaos. Throughout the province I found the people pacific, friendly to the Americans, and anxious to have schools and stable government established. As regards religion, they invariably expressed themselves as preferring no church and no priest to a return of the friars, whom they look upon as the cause of all their troubles. The infamous behavior of the friars in the past still rankles in the people's minds; it has caused the most intelligent among them to lose all respect for the Church, and made all classes fear the friars' re-establishment.

The religious question, as I have intimated before in a separate article, is the kernel of the Philippine nut. To Archbishop Chapelle, who I believe is now in Manila, has been given the work of cracking this nut. Much has been said about this gentleman, especially among the Filipinos, who see in him a friend of the friars. They have already begun to invent useless and unfounded conjectures about Mgr. Chapelle. How he will decide upon or settle the question no one can say at present; but if he considers the wish of the Philippine people, the policy of conciliation, and the effect that his decision will have either in separating further or bringing together the United States and her new dependency, he cannot but advise the expulsion of the monastic orders. His decision, however, can have no other value than a political one; it cannot affect the religious views of the people. If he favors the retention of the friars, the people will abandon the Church; if he allows the Church to remain in the hands of the native clergy, the Roman Catholic religion will be such a farce that in less than a generation it will cease to be; and if he advises the expulsion of both friars and native clergy, the islands will be without religion. Whatever way he decides

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the question, the result will be the same as far as actual religion goes; and nothing that he may say will prevent the people from ridding themselves of the religion they are supposed to profess, but which I now find they do not really follow either in their ideas or beliefs, their acts or their idiosyncrasies.

San Fernando (La Union) is a pretty coast town, with the ruins of several fine public buildings in it. The heavy bombardment to which it was subjected has partially or wholly destroyed every building except the jail. It has one of the best harbors on the northwestern coast, which at a comparatively small cost could be made into a good port. While there, I stayed at the house of the Presidente of the province, Don Lucino Almeida, a jovial Ilocano who has had the advantage of seeing Europe and is one of the most intelligent Filipinos I have met. After resting in San Fernando a few days and getting all the information possible about the interior, I returned to Banang and took the mountain road leading to Trinidad, the capital of the province of Benguet. For the first day the road wound through the beautiful valley of the Banang River, which alternately closes in to a narrow pass between the foot-hills and opens out into lovely little flats devoted to tobacco-growing. These fertile valleys, shut in by steep little hills covered by feathery bamboos, palms, and banana-trees, reminded me strongly of Japan—with an added tropical luxuriance of verdure and color. All were alive with people working in the fields, plowing with crooked sticks, harvesting with bamboo harrows, and planting by hand. Indian cattle and carabaos, horses, goats, pigs, and a few sheep, were grazing in the hill pastures. The picturesque houses of the people were tucked in close to the base of the hills in clumps of three or four, and usually shaded by trees of darker foliage, such as the mango. As one flat opened out into another, each was at a little higher altitude, the warm gray stream-bed gradually narrowed, and the stream ran faster. And back of all, to the east, rose a majestic blue range, ascending to the clouds. There were the mountains of Benguet, the country of the Igorotes, the land of flowers and a low thermometer, cannibals and gold. All the way to Naguilian, the last of the plain towns, there were abundant evidences that I was in a tobacco district; for every sledge and cart I met was laden with bales of the cured leaves, and men, women, and children stalked along with huge home-made cigars in their mouths. These sausage-like, mouth-distorting cigars I found to be made of the strongest kind of tobacco and tied together with fine strips of rattan. In spite of the profusion and cheapness of the "weed," however, a good, well-made cigar was not procurable in the district. As far as Naguilian the road was quite a fair one, though the bridges were the most uncertain, rickety affairs a man ever traveled over. Most of them are made of small bamboos laid loosely across stringers of the same material, and then covered with a broadly plaited matting of split and flattened bamboo. Though at all times they sway and bend as one passes over, when new they are safe enough; but after a year or two of exposure to the weather, they lose their elasticity and break through. As the natives never think of repairing anything until they are absolutely obliged to, one is constantly in danger of an ugly fall; and since I have once dropped through a bamboo bridge, in company with four kicking mules, twelve Spanish prisoners, and an army wagon, to the bottom of a ten-foot river, my faith in these native makeshifts is somewhat weak.

At Naguilian I found a company of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, U.S.V., Captain P. H. Stern commanding, and received warning that the trail from there on was unsafe to travel, because of the wandering bands of insurrectos which had taken to the mountains. A few days before, the Presidente, his secretary, and all the other officials of a neighboring town (Bangar), had been murdered by the insurrectos for rendering assistance to the Americans. I therefore made myself comfortable for a few days in the old Presidencia, where I had the good fortune of sharing Captain Stern's delayed Christmas box, and of reading some newspapers two months old. During my enforced stay at this outpost of Philippine civilization I had the opportunity of seeing for the first time some Igorotes. Naguilian is their principal trading point, and, with few exceptions, is as far as the hillmen care to

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venture. They come down from their rancherias or settlements laden with coffee, Irish potatoes, and camotes (a species of sweet potato), which they barter for tobacco and blue-and-white cotton blankets made by the women of Naguilian especially for the Igorotes' use. They also bring in during the year several thousand ounces of gold dust, some washed from the river-beds and more taken from quartz-mines. Most of the latter is low-grade gold and does not average more than fourteen carats; the river gold, however, runs as high as eighteen and twenty carats. In appearance and habits the Igorotes are not unlike the Apache Indians, though the Chinese strain in their blood is more apparent, and they are less warlike. In color they are darker and a more reddish brown than the average Filipino; their noses are broader and flatter, and their eyes more elongated. Though most of them cut their hair short, there are several of the wilder tribes that wear it *au naturel*. All bind their heads about with a handkerchief or a piece of soft bark, in which they stick their pipes. The women often twist a piece of pliable vine or rattan round their heads. Beyond their blankets, which they drape about their shoulders when cold, and a loin-cloth, they wear no clothing. As a race, they are short of stature, not averaging more than five feet three inches, but their physical development is magnificent. Used from their childhood up to carrying packs, they can take seventy-five to one hundred pounds over the steepest mountains without fatigue. I have frequently seen young boys and children carrying their own weight. Everything that goes into or comes out of the interior is borne on the backs of Igorotes. Like all savages, they are fond of ornaments and bright colors. Huge copper earrings and brass rings round their legs above the calf are common among them. With the exception of the head-hunting tribes known as "Besules," they are a docile, pacific people, friendly and hospitable. Their one great fault, and in comparison with the average Filipino it is very noticeable, is their dirtiness. Soap is unknown among them, and unless they are caught in the rain or are obliged to cross a stream, they wash neither their blankets nor their bodies. Mexican silver is the only kind of money they recognize. They will take a Mexican dollar (value forty-eight cents American) in preference to a ten-dollar gold piece any day. For porterage through the mountains there are regular rates established from point to point. Polistas, as the carriers are called, receive twenty-five cents Mexican per day when engaged in the interior. From Naguilian to Trinidad, a two days' journey, the established rate is fifty cents for the trip.

After I had been in Naguilian a few days, a party of prospectors arrived from Manila. As they were well armed and sufficient in number to make traveling for all comparatively safe, I joined the party, and, with two Igorotes carrying my baggage, I proceeded into the mountains.

William Cowper—One Hundred Years After

By Edward M. Chapman

ACROSS the table from me as I write these words there stands a row of fifteen shelf-worn and dust-bitten little volumes. Bound in faded cloth, they make small show of beauty now; nor had they much to boast when, sixty-four years ago, Baldwin & Cradock, of Paternoster Row, sent them out in their first freshness with a prayer that some one would buy them and cut their many leaves. Who first bought them may not now be told. But the century was very old before the paper-knife separated the close-printed pages and laid open Southey's comments upon "Cowper's Life and Works."

It was a part of the eternal fitness of things that the two poets should be thus associated. Unlike as they were in a multitude of ways, they yet were close akin in the general quality and scope of their talents; in their love of good reading and writing; in the depth of their religious convictions; in the purity and simple goodness of their private lives; and in the tragic circumstances that marked their deaths. It is now just one hundred years since Cowper passed out

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of the horror of great darkness, in which he had so long groped, into the light. And these volumes that stand upon my table had scarcely issued from the press before the shadows of his own slow and painful dissolution began to gather upon Southey's brain.

Oddly enough, too, a fairly good case might be made out by one who should maintain that each poet deserves to be remembered mainly for his prose. Never was there a more industrious or irreproachable versifier than Southey; a very son of poetic toil, he deserved every whit of fame he ever won—and, it must be confessed, deserves the oblivion into which his poetry is drifting. But he was the master of a noble and straightforward prose style, the natural freshness and simplicity of which give it a distinction that his verse wants; and there is good reason to believe that his Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper, together with the "Peninsular War," will still be read when all but the editors of biographical dictionaries have forgotten who wrote "Thalaba the Destroyer" and "The Curse of Kehama."

Cowper's wit, on the other hand, was as nimble as that of Southey was sturdy and plodding. Nothing could be more naturally playful and altogether delightsome than the manner of "John Gilpin," nor any compliment better turned than that of the "Sonnet to Romney." Romney had drawn his portrait in crayon while both were guests of their common friend Hayley, and in the sonnet Cowper expressed his satisfaction with it, adding, however:

But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear:
Well, I am satisfied it should be so,
Since on maturer thought the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see,
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

Indeed, it may be questioned whether any English writer has ever acquired a more genuine mastery of quiet, reflective, sometimes playful and always domestic verse than Cowper shows in "The Task." We find ourselves asking if within its general scope and range there ever was better poetry. But we feel sure when we turn to the Correspondence that there were never better letters.

For, one hundred years after his death, it is the Letters rather than the Poems that the lover of Cowper reads most eagerly. They are so perfectly autobiographical; explicit upon the details of his simple life, yet never self-conscious; seasoned with a playful humor that a century has not robbed of its delicate *bouquet;* illumined and sweetened by a love toward God, man, and beast, which never degenerated into mawkishness, and which even the access of an insane despair could scarcely dim. The letters, in short, are like the face which Romney painted: fine in line and feature; intelligent to a degree; quaintly dressed out and set forth; yet sometimes with a weird conceit in them that, however beautifully it may be expressed, serves as counterpart to that suggestion of insanity which, in the portrait, shines through Cowper's splendid eyes.

Perhaps no man of equal talent ever lived whose annals were shorter and simpler. Yet, in another phase of it, this life was singularly full of painful and racking adventure. Its real events, however, are not to be dated or described, for they are episodes in a stern and almost hopeless mental struggle through which the poet had to make his way alone. He wondered every winter, for instance, whether he could get through January a sane man—and he did not always succeed.

The story of the life in its outward aspect is soon told. Born in Great Berkhampstead in 1731 into a well-connected clergyman's family, Cowper lost his mother while still a child. He spent seven or eight none too happy years at Westminster School; looked to the law as a profession, and was called to the bar in 1754. But literature and the society of two charming London cousins proved far more alluring than his law-books, and at no time was there any prospect of successful practice. He had influential friends, however, one of whom thought to start him in life by obtaining his appointment to a clerkship in the House of Lords. But the prospect of public employment and possible public examination at the Bar of the Lords so wrought upon the young man's naturally timid and already morbid temperament that he went mad and tried to hang himself. For a year he was under the care of the wise and skillful Dr. Cotton, in a private asylum at St. Albans, where he

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remained for a considerable time after his recovery. He then moved to Huntingdon, where his earthly future was beneficently determined by his meeting with the Unwins. Bagehot has somewhere said of Mrs. Unwin: "She was in truth a most excellent person—in mind and years much older than the poet—as it were by profession elderly, able in every species of preserve, profound in salts and pans and jellies; culinary by taste; by tact and instinct motherly and housewifish." This is true enough so far as it goes; but it only goes half-way toward depicting one to whom Sir George Trevelyan has ascribed a foremost place among the Sisters of Mercy of literature—a woman of wisdom, taste, cultivation, piety, and such rare unselfishness as to devote herself unstintedly to the care of a youth who had just recovered from insanity and was liable to relapse—a youth of singular personal charm, to be sure, but whose talent and the fame which it was to bring were yet all undiscovered.

Upon Mr. Unwin's death his widow moved to Olney, an uninviting little place in Buckinghamshire, but welcome to Cowper and his foster-mother because of the ministry of the celebrated John Newton, who was then curate-in-charge. Here they lived from 1767 to 1786. Here Cowper's portion of the Olney Hymns was written. And here Mrs. Unwin, finding that regular literary employment seemed to alleviate Cowper's chronic distress of mind, encouraged him to further composition, with a view to the publication of a volume of verse. Thither came the fascinating Lady Austen to live as their neighbor long enough to tell Cowper the story of John Gilpin and to set him at work upon "The Task"—a poem that established his contemporary fame. Thither, too, came Lady Hesketh, one of the two cousins with whom Cowper had, in his own words, "giggled and made to giggle" in the old London days. With his other cousin, Theodora, he had fallen in love. But marriage was put out of the question by his infirmity, and though she remained faithful to him during a long life, they never met again after their youthful separation. Lady Hesketh, however, to whom Cowper once wrote that he loved her so much that he could not understand why he never fell in love with her, was most assiduous in providing for the poet's temporal wants, and in bringing to him from time to time the help of her cheerful presence; while she has placed the world of literature under perpetual obligation by preserving Cowper's perfect letters.

As has just been implied, there was in 1786 a removal to the neighboring village of Weston, where Cowper found more comfortable surroundings, and where he brought to completion a translation of Homer begun at Olney. Here, with the exception of one considerable visit to the poet Hayley, the remainder of his life was passed, until the mental cloud that gathered during the last years grew so lowering as to compel his removal to the care of friends in Norfolk, where, at East Dereham, he died one hundred years ago this month (April).

Perhaps the sorrow under which Cowper lived and died may be best illustrated by quoting two stanzas from the last poem which he composed. It is called "The Castaway," and has reference to a sailor swept overboard during one of Anson's voyages:

Obscurest night involved the sky;
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

It is hard to realize that this was the same hand that wrote to Lady Hesketh urging her to come to Weston, and stating by way of inducement: "I have made in the orchard the best winter walk in all the parish, sheltered from the east and from the northeast, and open to the sun, except at his rising, all the day. Then we will have Homer and Don Quixote; and then we will have saunter and chat, and one more laugh before we die. Our orchard is alive with creatures of all kinds; poultry of every denomination swarms in it, and pigs, the drollest in the world!"

Or this interlude in a letter to the pious and perhaps too strenuous John Newton:

If you find many blots, and my writing illegible, you must pardon them in consideration of the cause. Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Unwin are both talking as if they designed to make

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amends to themselves for the silence they are enjoined while I sit translating Homer. Mrs. Unwin is preparing the breakfast; and not having seen each other since they parted to go to bed, they have consequently a deal to communicate.

This is Cowper at his best, depicting

> Home-born happiness,
> Fireside employments, intimate delights,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening know.

Yet the tragic note is never long absent, and it is pathetic to hear him, in the very year of the letters just quoted, telling a friend who had asked him for a hymn, "Ask possibilities and they shall be performed; but ask not hymns from a man suffering from despair as I do. I could not sing the Lord's song were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from his presence in comparison with which the distance from east to west is no distance—is vicinity and cohesion."

Cowper's experience is an eminent illustration of the incompleteness and incoherence of a multitude of earthly lives. Tranquil in its surroundings, gentle in its occupations, blessed in its devoted friendships, fruitful in its results—as a world of grateful readers can testify—still few men have been forced to follow a more rugged path, or ever found themselves beset by sterner foes. Never was another life more needed to make the puzzle of this intelligible and endurable. Into such a life, as we believe, this good man entered, April 25, 1800.

The Decennial of Clark University[1]

THIS stately volume, which reflects much credit upon its editors, Professor William E. Story and Librarian Louis N. Wilson, is divided into four parts. The first contains a historical sketch; the address of the President, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, outlining the plans and purposes of the institution; extracts from congratulatory letters from eminent Americans and from several scores of distinguished European professors; and an account of the celebration of decennial week, during which some two hundred professors and experts from all parts of the country gathered at Worcester to listen to the courses of lectures by five of the most eminent savants of Europe, four of whom visited this country for the first time and solely for this occasion.

The second part of the book contains reports of the equipment and nature of the work by ten professors and officers of the University. Some of these contain more or less extended reports on the scope of the work undertaken, the special investigations successfully accomplished during the decade, and the methods of work. The librarian's report shows methods designed to be of the greatest service to individual investigations, and in that respect is most interesting. The treasurer's statement contains perhaps the greatest surprise in the volume, as no official announcement of the financial resources of the University had ever been made before. The surprise is twofold: first, that so much has been accomplished on so modest an endowment, and, secondly, that for the last eight years nothing has been received by the University either from the founder, the wealthy citizens of Worcester, or from any other source. The reasons for this unique state of affairs are well known. The founder has been incapacitated by ill health from completing his own plans, and those who might otherwise have added to the endowment have naturally waited to see first what the founder himself would do. Until this was apparent the Trustees have wisely deemed it best not to adopt an aggressive financial policy. The result of this has been that the first ten years have been a record of struggle, hardship, and sacrifice for high ideals with few parallels in academic history. From the President down, as we learn from authoritative sources, nearly every member of the staff has been tempted elsewhere by offers of larger salaries. But for eight years every one has remained, essentially because of his belief in the plans of the institution. Rarely has the financial value of high ideals been demonstrated in a way more heroic and even inspiring.

The third part of the volume contains

[1] *Clark University, 1889-1899: Decennial Celebration.* Worcester, Mass.: Printed for the University.

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the lectures given by the foreign visitors during decennial week. Among these visitors a unique personality was that of Santiago Ramón y Cajal, Professor of Histology and Rector of the University of Madrid, Spain. This investigator, by far the most eminent man of science in his country, has almost revolutionized our knowledge of the brain, and has been honored by academies of science the world over. As a student he vowed that he would do something to rescue Spain from its scientific decadence, and his success borders on romance. A man of indefatigable activity and enthusiasm, who has extended the bounds of science perhaps as much as any living man, he was the center of great social interest because of his charming wife, who accompanied him, and because his visit so nearly coincided with the close of the Spanish-American war, concerning which his own views, expressed at length to the reporters of the Worcester press, were also an original contribution of high value.

Émile Picard, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Paris, than whom a man more eminent in his line does not live, was the beau-ideal of a French gentleman as well as scholar. In the prime of life, lecturing from notes most carefully prepared and in his own language, his papers, printed like all the rest in this volume, were a distinct contribution to the subject.

Ludwig Boltzmann, of the University of Vienna, a no less typical German savant, with his wife, an ideal cultivated German hausfrau, constituted another center of much personal interest, and his lectures on the Fundamental Principles of Mechanics, illustrated by his own ingenious apparatus, were another feature.

The Rector of the leading university of Italy, Professor Angelo Mosso, with all the genius of his country, known by various books and memoirs translated into English, brought with him a breath of ozone as from a unique laboratory in the high Alps for the study of life in great altitudes. His report on this subject constitutes one of his largest and most interesting volumes. He traveled not long ago for two months in this country and Canada, and is just printing a very interesting book, a full abstract of which the present writer has read, upon his impressions of life in America as it appears to a physiologist, who has also occupied many high administrative positions, and who is a patriot and personal friend of the King.

August Forel, late Professor of Mental Diseases at the University of Zürich, and director of the leading insane asylum, expert in the two very different topics of hypnotism and the instincts of ants, lectured upon both these topics. He is a man of commanding presence and of great oratorical fire and energy, and though, like all the rest, he spoke in a foreign language, he captivated his learned audience at the start.

The last part of the work now under consideration is a bibliography of the books and articles published by professors and students of Clark University, several thousand in number. This gives the best idea of the work and general plan of the institution. It is essentially a training-school for professors, and this record shows that nearly every one who has ever studied at the University has become professor or instructor in some higher institution of learning. These names of men and publications might be called the output of the plant, and constitute its *raison d'être*. It is to this list, and not to numbers or endowment, that Clark men point with pride.

It would seem as though the apex of our academic system should no longer be in Europe, where the élite of our graduates have hitherto had to go if they desired to become specialists. Clark University is the only institution in America, with the possible exception of the Catholic University in Washington, that admits no students who have not graduated at a college of high standing. Its source of income in tuition fees, therefore, is cut off. Fortunately, it has focused all its resources upon a very few departments to make these the best. Like its buildings, which are as plain as they are solid, it has sought only to do hard and unostentatious work. It has taken no part in the mad rush for students and dollars that has absorbed the energies and even modified the work of many institutions. Frankly, it is poor, and covers but a small part of the great field of learning, but it has sacrificed steadfastly everything quantitative in striving for its ideals of quality.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Amateur's Practical Garden-Book. By C. E. Hunn and L. H. Bailey. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 250 pages. $1.50.

This book from the horticultural department of Cornell University deals with the common things that are most inquired about. It regards the garden as ministering to human culture. It preaches the beauty of the common plants. Its range is wide, dealing not only with plants, but their soils, foes, and diseases, and including such topics as lawns, aquariums, drainage, storing, and window gardens—in fact, it is a little cyclopædia in its subject.

Amos: An Essay in Exegesis. By H. G. Mitchell. (Revised Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 211 pages. $1.50.

The many who have followed with interest and admiration the course of Professor Mitchell in connection with the literalists of Boston University will welcome the opportunity of reading his essay in exegesis on "Amos." The work was printed seven years ago as a private venture, but the edition having been exhausted, the book now appears under the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author tells us that he has made but one important modification in the new edition. He formerly held that Joel and Obadiah preceded Amos; he now assigns them both to a later period.

Andy Dodge: The History of a Scapegrace. By Mark Pierce Pendleton. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 255 pages.

Here is a boy's story, having what all boy's stories should have, color and movement. Indeed, it is so strong in these respects that very old boys will find it agreeable reading. The author's crisp delineation of his delightfully human hero, the natural succession of picturesque incidents, and, above all, the free, firm hand which describes all, make a harmonious whole.

Ballads of the War. By D. D. Rawnsley, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 96 pages.

Celebrating the incidents and the heroes of the South African war in a spirit of regret for the cause but admiration of the pluck, these lyrics are lacking neither in form nor in fire. The incidents on which they are based are related in notes to the text.

Barbara Frietchie, the Frederick Girl. By Clyde Fitch. A Play in Four Acts. Life Publishing Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 128 pages. 25c.

Bending of the Bough, The. By George Moore. A Comedy in Five Acts. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4×7½ in. 192 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Moore describes this as a comedy in five acts, but it is difficult to regard it as a comedy; there is too much pathos in it. It is a very singular little play, prefaced by a rather pugnacious note which declares that London is too large, too old, and too wealthy to make room for any new artistic movements, and that therefore the younger men among the Irish writers prefer to have their plays brought out in Dublin. The play turns on the rivalry between two towns and the attempted revolt of two representative men of the Celtic temperament and genius against the monetary domination of the successful town controlling the popular vote of the unsuccessful one. It would not be easy to trace an ethical tendency in the play, although it is a protest against corrupt municipal politics. The significant element in the play is the introduction of the Gallic genius and personality; in other words, the Irish temperament, with its subtle and undefinable association with fundamental things in nature and life, its revolt, as Matthew Arnold said, against "the tyranny of the fact," its wayward poetic impulse, its sensitiveness to natural forms, and its inability to give itself organic form.

By the Marshes of Minas. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.25.

This title suggests the background of this group of short stories from the hand of Mr. Roberts. He knows and loves the country which he describes; and the landscape description in this volume is done with great care and effectiveness. The stories do not introduce great variety of characters; probably the range afforded by the field and the time was not very wide; but Mr. Roberts has a way of making his Acadian women very attractive, and he often offsets them with the figures of men of adventure, romance, and action; so that, familiar as the territory is by reason of our excursions through it with him in his former volumes, it has not lost its freshness and charm.

Campaign of the Jungle; or, Under Lawton Through Luzon. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 316 pages. $1.25.

A boy's story of the Philippine war.

Carlisle: The Cathedral Church and See. By C. King Eley. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 93 pages. 60c.

Constitutional History and Government of the United States. By Judson S. Landon, LL.D. (Revised Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¾×8½ in. 443 pages. $3.

An exceptionally clear exposition of the growth of our constitutional liberty from its original root in the religious faith of the Puritans. Only four chapters, however, are devoted to colonial conditions, and the body of the work deals with our constitutional development as it has been molded by the Federal

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instrument and the judicial decisions thereon. The temper of the author is distinctively conservative and Hamiltonian, but he recognizes the constructive power of Jeffersonian ideals, and the fact that the State and local governments, by reason of their nearness to the common people, have shown the greatest wisdom in expending public money so as to promote public welfare. In the present revised edition of his work the author considers the constitutional issues growing out of the Spanish war, and reaches the conclusion that the Federal Government may exercise in Puerto Rico and the Philippines all the powers of both the State and National Governments, but nevertheless will be subject to all the limitations of the Constitution.

Carpenter, The. By the Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 122 pages. 50c.

These brief studies of the life and character of Jesus present familiar truth suffused with the light of fresh convictions in sympathetic and devout feeling. They recognize the fact that Jesus' great mission was to reveal God as in His world and the Father of all.

Economics of Distribution, The. By John A. Hobson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 361 pages. $1.25.

Unlike Mr. Hobson's previous works, the present is devoted to abstract economics instead of concrete human conditions. It is, therefore, in the main distinctively a book for scholastic economists. Nevertheless, the chapter on "Bargains for the Use of Capital," showing the substantial identity of the gain from the rent of houses, machinery, etc., with the gain from the rent of land, is one of great value to all thinkers on economic questions, and the chapter on "The Sale of Labor Power," showing the absence of competition among employers for the services of an increasing number of employees, is one of profound interest to all serious minds.

Evolution of the English Novel, The. By Francis Hovey Stoddard. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 235 pages.

This book is commented upon this week in our editorial columns.

Essay Toward Faith. By Wilford L. Robbins, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 173 pages.

Whether these essays were originally sermons we do not know; they might have been, except that sermons are not too often characterized by such an air of reality, such a terseness in expression, such a manly vigor and directness of witness-bearing. One or two sentences taken at random may serve to illustrate: "Why were it not the part of wisdom, then, to regard the difficulty which besets faith's attainment as a door of spiritual opportunity, rather than a barrier blocking progress?" "Half-faiths are generally the basest of superstitions." "To confound the eternal truth contained in the Book of Genesis with notions of human history which contradict facts is wantonly to incite disaster." "Worldliness is as common among the poor as the rich, its home is as often a hut as a palace." We commend the volume to the reading of those who do not go to church, or, going, do not get from it the inspiration to life which they want.

France Since 1814. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 281 pages. $1.50.

This thoughtful sketch of recent French history is animated by the purpose of rectifying foreign opinions. To a superficial observer the obvious fact is a series of inconsistent experiments in government capriciously terminated. Underneath these, however, is the persistent struggle to find a solid basis for an enduring order. This thread of continuity between period and period of a revolutionary century M. de Coubertin aims to exhibit, as well as to correct false views that have obtained currency. Recognizing the hopeful endurance of the Third Republic, he finds that its ordeal is not yet passed, such is the yet unsettled strife between militarism and democracy, besides the internal dangers which he sees in the Russian alliance and in the centralized administrative system that has survived from the Napoleonic era.

Governor William Bradford and His Son Major William Bradford. By James Shepard. (Illustrated.) James Shepard, New Britain, Conn. 6×9 in. 103 pages. $2.10.

Bradford, the author of the MS. "History of Plimoth Plantation," lately the subject of an international incident, is a well-known historical character, but no biography of him has appeared till the present. This consists of the various notices of him existing in some thirty different publications, collated and chronologically arranged, with connecting paragraphs that serve to piece out the mosaic sketch. This, though unique now, was the method of writing history in the Bible times, only the Bible writers thought it needless to name, as Mr. Shepard does in the margins, the source from which each extract was culled.

Harper's Guide to Paris and the Exposition of 1900. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 4¼×6 in. 292 pages. $1.

Visitors to the Paris Exposition will find this a helpful volume. Its convenient size—it is just right for a small pocket—its admirable condensation, and its accuracy of detail should insure for it a wide circulation. About a quarter of the book is devoted to the Exposition, the rest to a description of Paris.

Harp of Life, The. By Elizabeth Godfrey. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

This is a musical novel written by the author of two or three books of the same general class, which have deservedly received a wide reading. Apart from the musical element in the story, it is well conceived and well carried out. There are several characters of interest, and the somewhat unusual situations in which they are placed are handled in a clever and novel manner. The chief incident of the story is an episode in the life of the first violin of an orchestra at an English watering-place.

Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. (The Temple Classics.) Edited by Israel Gollancz. The Macmillan Co., New York. 3¾×6 in. 301 pages. 50c.

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History of the Zoar Society. By E. O. Randall. (Second Edition.) Illustrated. Press of Fred. J. Heer, Columbus, O. 5¾×8¾ in. 105 pages. $1.25.

Ice Age, Past and Coming, The. By C. A. M. Taber. George H. Ellis, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 101 pages.

When astronomers like Sir Robert Ball tell us that the same cause which once spread a glacier from the pole to New York will recur, that cause is naturally a subject of inquiry. Various causes have been alleged by Lyell, Croll, Drayson, and others. Mr. Taber discusses these and rejects them. His theory is, first, that the ocean is the great distributer of cold and heat by means of its currents; secondly, that changes of these currents, produced by various causes which he specifies, produce the alternate formation and dissipation of continental glaciers. The reader shivers in learning that another glacial period is already in its incipient stage.

Israel's Messianic Hope. By George Stephen Goodspeed. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 315 pages. $1.50.

Readers of "The Biblical World" may recognize in a portion of the text of this book articles which appeared in that excellent magazine. The text, however, has been revised and in large measure rewritten; it has also been much enlarged. As a whole, the book is a good example of an appeal both to the popular appreciation of the Bible and to the advanced student's needs. Hence there is an omission of minute discussions of technical questions, and even of Hebrew and Greek words; on the other hand, there is abundant material in bibliography, references, and notes. As might be expected, the work follows a chronological order, leading from the Messianic hopes in pre-Mosaic ages, through those in the times of Moses, of the United Kingdom, of the Earlier Prophets, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, of the Exile and after, and finally to those in the years from the Maccabean uprising to Jesus. Indexes of Messianic passages, of names, subjects, and texts, add to the practical value of the work.

Japanese Notions of European Political Economy. By Tentearo Makato. (Third Edition, Revised.) James Love, Camden, N. J. 5×7¾ in. 142 pages.

Every single-taxer and most social reformers will find much to chuckle over in these alleged Japanese comments upon our economic life and thought. The alleged traveler from Japan, however, is only a "traveler from Altruria," who has assumed an alias for the at best questionable purpose of attracting attention to his observations.

José. By Armando Palacio Valdés. Edited by F. J. A. Davidson, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 204 pages. 80c.

Knights in Fustian. By Caroline Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 279 pages. $1.50.

The subject of this novel is a somewhat unusual one, and has a special interest. The plot deals with the maneuvers of the "Copperhead" secret societies in Indiana in the time of the war. These associations were all branches of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and are best known in the East by that name, although the title of the book gives one of the names in common use. The story is exciting, and abounds in incidents of mystery, in plotting and the foiling of plots. The characters are fairly well developed, and the book, if not of a very high literary order, is free from any offensive crudities. The author undoubtedly has full and unusual knowledge of the history of Indiana during the period when her great war-Governor, Morton, held the State to its loyalty despite the vicious if rather ridiculous plans of secret enemies.

Lessons from the Desk. By Harold Kennedy. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 4½×6¾ in. 160 pages.

These lessons, terse statements of Biblical facts and doctrines, are designed by an experienced pastor for the drill of Sunday-school teachers in normal classes, and available also for supplementary lessons to the school from the blackboard. In matters of doctrine thoroughly orthodox, in matters of Biblical criticism they are thoroughly old-fashioned.

Man of His Age, A. By Hamilton Drummond. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.25.

Since Dumas wrote his famous Valois stories, which to many readers are even more delectable than "Monte Cristo" or "The Three Musketeers," the historical subject treated by him in that series has been a favorite one for other novelists; certainly no period of French history was fuller of intrigue, assassination, war, and plotting than the days of Catherine de Medici and her sons. No story on this fascinating subject has been written for many years which is superior to that before us. It opens slowly and clumsily, but after the first few pages the reader's interest is caught, and he follows with unresisting attention the well-told narrative of adventure. Henry of Navarre appears as a young, impetuous, and altogether delightful boy; other historical characters, and particularly Henry's mother, Queen Jeanne of Navarre, are in the foreground of the picture, and the personal sorrows, passions, and feuds of the purely fictitious characters fill out the story in a most satisfactory way. The book may be cordially commended to all those who like a story of incident.

Men with the Bark On. By Frederic Remington. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 4⅞×7¼ in. 209 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Remington, both with pencil and pen, delights in portraying elemental and primitive men—men of action and adventure, who live, as a rule, apart from civilization, and who have, therefore, the sharp outlines and the individual human interest which belong to perfectly untrammeled expressions of native force. In this volume the adventures of the recent war introduce an element of variety among the adventures of life on the frontier with which Mr. Remington has hitherto chiefly concerned himself. The sketches of the Indian army scout, the hunter, the woodsman, and the frontiersman in all his occupations, are direct and vivid. Mr. Remington excels in clearness of outline rather than in nice shading; in skill in massing a few qualities and making them effective rather than in filling in by

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many careful strokes a carefully finished portraiture.

Prose of Edward Rowland Sill, The. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 349 pages. $1.25.

This volume of three hundred and fifty pages contains a considerable group of short articles on literature, criticism, nature, music, ethics, education, and life, full of that insight and suggestiveness which were characteristic of Mr. Sill. Three volumes of his verse have now been issued, and this compact volume of prose probably completes all that we shall receive from his hand. Each volume as it has appeared has deepened the sense of loss which his early death involved for American letters. Such criticism as that found in his short paper on "Shakespeare's Prose" and in the paper on "Principles of Criticism" is sorely needed in this country to-day. The chapters which appear in this volume are very unequal in point of excellence and value, but many of them well deserve preservation in a permanent form.

Queen's Garden, The. By M. E. M. Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 142 pages. $1.25.

A short-long story describing the coming to New Orleans of a young orphan girl, her arrival in a characteristic old house in the French quarter, the illness of the unknown aunt by whom she has been received, her refuge in a charming old Creole garden, and the romance which befalls her there. The little story has the air of the French Quarter of New Orleans—its sentiment, its pathos, its touch of tragedy, and, happily, at the end, its escape into substantial happiness. Mrs. Davis knows the quarter of which she writes intimately, for she has long lived within its limits—almost in its heart. She loves the Creole character, as does every one who approaches it from the side of sentiment or of art; and her latest story, although so enveloped in the romantic atmosphere as to seem at times a little improbable, has the charm of the Quarter and the people upon it.

Redemption of David Corson, The. By Charles Frederic Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 4¾×7½ in. 418 pages.

To follow the fortunes of the hero of this story is like getting into a moral Ferris wheel. The hero starts at the top; he descends into the depths of meanness and crime; but when we leave David Corson, we leave him at the top again, a regenerated man. The intensity of light and shadow, nevertheless, in the narration of his fortunes, makes a rather bewildering atmosphere for the critical analyzer.

Robert R. McBurney: A Memorial, 1837–1898. Addresses by Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, LL.D., William E. Dodge, Hon. Elihu Root, and Others. Young Men's Christian Association, New York. 5½×8 in. 108 pages.

This volume contains a sketch of Mr. McBurney's life and the commemorative addresses made at his funeral. The Young Men's Christian Association itself, whose first general secretary he was, is the best memorial of the man of whom Dr. Howard Crosby said, "I know of no pastor of any church in this city whose ministry has been so useful and extended as that of Mr. McBurney."

Stories and Verse of Williams. Edited by Alfred Dudley Britton, Philip Richards Dunbar, Charles Fisher Hepburn. Published by the Editors, Williamstown, Mass. 5½×8¼ in. 222 pages.

This volume may be profitably read in connection with the exceedingly bright and taking group of short stories which, under the title of "Smith College Stories," were reviewed in these columns two weeks ago. Undergraduate writing ought to be judged from the standpoint of tendency and promise rather than achievement; any other judgment is manifestly unjust. The "Smith College Stories" were written by a recent graduate, but they are so close to college life, and so full of college feeling, and so definitely related to college experience that they may be judged as college work. The Williams Stories are written by undergraduates, but deal chiefly with outside experiences and incidents. The volume is made up of short sketches and poems, some of the sketches being elaborated in short stories. There is great range of incident, and an equally wide range of execution. Some of the sketches are very well done; others are careless and indifferent. The book as a whole shows talent, freshness, considerable inventiveness, and a keen sense of vitality. The undergraduate of to-day writes in a very different way from his predecessor of twenty years ago. Two decades ago undergraduate writing, as a rule, concerned itself with very grave topics, and took on a very dignified style; lightness, variety, vivacity, were foreign to it. The undergraduate writer of to-day, as a rule, deals with present phases of life rather than with deeper phases of thought, and is vivacious, varied, and often effective in style. His work seems to show the present passion for getting at facts and realities as opposed to the old tendency to deal with abstractions. Williams has always had, for one reason or another, a considerable element of culture in its life, and her graduates have had an honorable share in the literary history of the country. This collection of stories shows that the literary spirit still lives at Williamstown, and that the undergraduate of to-day is as sensitive as his predecessors to the beauty of the scenery and the charm of Berkshire, and in closer touch with the life of his time.

Woman and Artist. By Max O'Rell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 228 pages. $1.25.

This is, we believe, Max O'Rell's first attempt at formal fiction, although some carpers have from time to time declared that some of the personal experiences related in his immensely amusing books of travel and observation might fairly come under that title. We confess to finding in this story an amateur manner, and to thinking the characters not very strongly humanized or made distinct. The purpose and feeling of the book are excellent, and the story-element is moderately strong.

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Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

"O for a Book and a Shady Nook" was written by an unknown English writer of the sixteenth century, and is described in the "Book-Lover's Enchiridion" as an old English song. The lines are:

"Oh for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde."

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

Many other contributors send the information contained in the above note, but one contributor also sends a clipping from the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican" which throws a fuller light on this question of authorship. This note states in effect that the attributing of the poem to a sixteenth-century writer is entirely incorrect, as was shown by Mr. Austin Dobson some time ago in the London "Athenæum." Mr. Dobson says that the lines were written not many years ago by a London bookseller named Wilson, who is not known to have written anything before or since.

Kindly mention some of the best books on the Atonement. Where will I find the best answer to the question, "How does Jesus Christ save men?" I want readable books of the right character to put into the hands of thoughtful, intelligent men and women who have very erroneous ideas of what the Church stands for and is doing to-day. H.

What the Church stands for is set forth in Dr. Abbott's sermon in The Outlook for March 31, and in President Hyde's article in the preceding issue. By all means read President Hyde's recent book, "God's Education of Man" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25). Other little books likely to instruct are "The Early Pupils of the Spirit," revised edition, and "The Divine Satisfaction" (T. Whittaker, New York, $1 and 40 cents). If you have old numbers or the bound volume of The Outlook for 1899, see Dr. Abbott's sermons, "A Confession of Faith" (March 11) and "Out of the Past" (April 8).

How do you harmonize the doctrine of God's free love with the Biblical accounts of his commands for the slaughter and extermination of peoples (for illustration, Midianites)? Are the two consistent? W. T. M.

Where we read of such massacres as enjoined by divine command, the phrase "the Lord said" denotes only that the Hebrews *thought* he said so. God spoke to men then in the same way as now, *i.e.*, through the dictates of reason and conscience. Then, as in the comparatively recent times when men were put to death for heresy, both reason and conscience were at fault in viewing such things, as St. Paul viewed his early career of persecution, as pleasing to God. The phrase "the Lord said" really implies no more than that the people who used it attributed what they regarded as their wisest and best impulses directly to God.

Please tell me "if Mary, the mother of Christ, had other children by her husband Joseph after Christ was born." As I understand it, she did, but the Roman Catholics teach, as I am told, that she did not. TRUTH.

The natural and obvious sense of Matthew i., 25, and xiii., 55, 56, is that she had other children. The Roman Catholic Church, explaining these passages away, maintains her perpetual virginity, and some Protestants do likewise. For taking such passages in any but their natural sense there seems to be no ground except in the ascetic tendency to glorify virginity as a higher state than marriage, and a dogmatic tendency to separate Jesus from human conditions.

1. Of what denomination is Professor C. René Gregory, an American Professor in the Theological Faculty of the University of Leipsic? 2. Are there other American professors in the German universities? 3. Where can accurate information be had with reference to the work of the Baptists in Germany? SUBSCRIBER.

1. We suppose him, as a graduate of Princeton Seminary, to be a Presbyterian. 2. Referred to our readers. 3. The headquarters for German Baptist work is at the Baptist Seminary, Hamburg, Germany. For further information refer to the Rev. J. B. Grinnell, editor of the "Sendbote," Cleveland, O.

Your answer to "E. W. D." mentions but one to whom we can send funds for the famine sufferers of India. Funds sent to Mr. Charles W. Hand, Treasurer Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, will also be promptly sent. I think that if all the Boards sent to their own missionaries, a more satisfactory distribution would result. At the same time that would increase the influence of the missionaries so distributing. I doubt not that other Boards besides the Congregational and Presbyterian would gladly forward such contributions. X. X.

In the article on "The Roman Catholic Church and English Politics" in your issue of March 24 I find a curious error—especially for Mr. Justin McCarthy to have made—in saying that Frederick Lucas was "a brother-in-law of John Bright," for Mr. McCarthy was (*I believe*) *one of the editors of* "The Star," which was owned and published by Samuel Lucas, the brother-in-law of John Bright (husband of his sister Margaret). Frederick Lucas may have been a brother of Samuel, and this I know nothing about, but it was Samuel who married into the Bright family, and he never was a Catholic. S. B.

Who wrote these lines?

"Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,
And in that charter read with wondering eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Happiest he of human race
To whom our God has given grace
To lift the latch and force the way.
Far better had he ne'er been born
Who reads to doubt or reads to scorn."

P. C.

Can any subscriber give name of author and concluding lines to the following:

"In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain."

M. DU P. L.

"W. P. S." will find the quotation he cited in your query column of March 31, in Shelley's "Ode to Liberty," stanza 5. G. B. D.

"F. M. K.'s" request, March 10, for information about Sunday games for children of six to eight, has elicited two responses. One suggests "giving texts, or even Bible names, alphabetically, *e. g.*, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' 'Be ye kind to one another,' etc.;" also, the popular game of Twenty Questions, with Bible characters. We are informed also that "Bible games" for older children, which younger ones also can enter into, can be had of Parker Brothers, Salem, Mass., and Miss Emily J. Lockwood, 16 Lenox Avenue, East Orange, N. J. Another friend suggests "One Hundred Hieroglyphic Bible Readings for the Young," published by Partridge & Co., London, and procurable of any importing bookseller.

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Correspondence

The Paris Exposition

To the Editors of The Outlook:

No announcement has yet been made of any postponement in the official opening of the Exposition, two weeks from this writing. There will be no actual Exposition for weeks afterwards. Everything is now (April 3) hurry and confusion. It will be physically impossible to bring any order and appearance of exhibit out of the present chaos and clouds of dust for more than a month. As a whole, the work of preparation is relatively a full month in arrears of affairs at Chicago seven years ago. After a week spent in a critical survey of the situation, I am of the opinion that there will be little for visitors to see, even as to exteriors of show buildings, before the middle of May, and no satisfaction in viewing the Exposition generally before some time in June.

At present railway trains are running into all the principal structures carrying building materials and machinery and some cases of exhibits. Heavy construction, masonry, carpentry, and plastering are in progress, and ditches are being opened and pipes laid for water, drainage, steam, and electric wires. Floors have still to be laid in many places, painting and decorating must be done, and a general cleaning up will be necessary before exhibits of any but the coarsest kinds can be safely unpacked and put in place. Exteriors are alive with workmen, and not one of the principal buildings has been completed. The immense task of clearing the grounds and putting them in order has not begun.

In a few places one can see among the scaffolding and débris something of the grandeur and beauty which is to be. The principal entrance is from the Place de la Concorde—a grand arch, flanked by lofty towers, all elaborately decorated and provided with vari-colored electric lights to give brilliant effects at night. Entering here, and passing in a westerly direction along the Quai de la Conference and Cours la Reine, the Palais des Beaux-Arts are upon the right, in a condition far from completion. Turning to the left, the new bridge of Alexander III. crosses the Seine directly to the south and into the Esplanade des Invalides, which is now nearly covered with some of the new buildings. The heavy work on the bridge has been done, and the superb structure and its approaches are now receiving the final decorations in colors and much gold. This bridge is to be one of the permanent monuments of the Exposition of 1900, and of the new friendship between France and Russia. The new buildings on the grounds of the Invalides are very ornate, with beautiful façades, east and west, upon the Rue St. Dominique, which will be temporarily closed at this place. These buildings may be fairly finished the present month.

In order to reach the Champ de Mars, upon which is located the largest of the Exposition buildings, and without going outside the remarkably irregular and straggling area to be inclosed as "the grounds," one must retrace his steps to the river and pass down the stream, on either side, to the Pont d'Iéna. Both banks are thickly studded with new buildings. Most of those erected by foreign countries as "government headquarters" are upon the left or south bank, along the Quai d'Orsay. These are much too close together for pleasing effect. Until one gets near to them, or directly opposite, they look like a long, crooked, but solid block of most incongruous architecture.

About midway of this line is the United States Building. This compares very well with most of its neighbors, although it is quite excelled in size and ornamental finish by the palace of poor little bankrupt Italy, and a few others. From the west, and from boats on the river passing up-stream, our building is satisfactory in appearance. But, by some unfortunate blunder, the Turkish Building, which is next to it on the east, has been permitted not only to be crowded up almost against ours, but is projected forward of the tentative frontage line of the rest, a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. The result is to quite overshadow the United States Building, cut off its views up the river and towards the Champs-Elysées, and entirely hide the more modest and seemly structure from people coming down-stream or

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along Quai d'Orsay. Worse yet, it is stated that the Turkish Government has leased its building to be used as a general Oriental bazaar and place of amusement of not the highest order. It may become a very unpleasant neighbor. (We might "expand" to the east, according to our newly acquired habit, and clean up the place, as we did Cuba, on the principles of humanity, good government—and profitable trade!) The United States Building is not to contain any Government exhibit, nor is it, as I understand, to contain the business offices of the Commission, which will remain at No. 20 Avenue Rapp, but it will be the headquarters of the Commissioner-General and of the Honorary Commissioners, and be the rendezvous for visitors from "the States," with ample reception-rooms, resting-places, restaurant, and, of course, the indispensable "American bar." The model United States Post-Office, in operation, is also to be located here.

One of the surprising features of the situation is that the French themselves are as far in arrears in preparation, not only as to buildings, but in the matter of exhibits, as any of their foreign exhibitors. And it is alleged that French authorities are in many ways indirectly obstructing the work of foreign officials and individual exhibitors to prevent them from getting too far ahead. The tardiness in preparation for the Exposition and the expected crowds of visitors is noticeable in all parts of the city. The streets are torn up in all directions, and public improvements are in progress everywhere. Bridges, tramways, railway stations, paving, sidewalks, and sewers, which should have received attention months ago, seem to have been but recently taken in hand. Exterior repairs are going on at several of the public buildings. At the same time many new buildings are in the early stages of construction, and hotels and apartments and boarding-houses innumerable are little more than half done. The number of mechanics and laborers now employed in Paris must be enormous.

Two principal causes are given for the present unfortunate condition of affairs—the weather and the workmen. The city has experienced the longest and most unpleasant winter for a generation. The cold and inclement weather holds on remarkably. Not one full day of sunshine in the past fortnight. On March 26 there were snow-squalls all day, on the next day the mercury was almost down to the freezing point, and the day following it was one degree below. The days are still cold, with raw winds. Vegetation is consequently very late. Crocuses are just appearing in the gardens and shrubbery showing the green, while the buds are only beginning to swell upon the trees of the parks and boulevards.

In preparing for the Exposition, the national and city governments. as well as the thousands of anxious and impatient exhibitors, seem to be at the mercy of the French workingmen. And the latter, to all appearances, intend to prolong the agony indefinitely. On no account will they pretend to work more than eight hours a day, and they absent themselves for whole days and parts of days upon all sorts of pretexts. They get to work about eight o'clock, and then quit at eleven for their déjeuner, which occupies an hour or more. Then at three o'clock they usually take another hour to rest, gossip, talk politics, and drink—especially the drink. They are, besides, dilatory, clumsy, and careless in their work. One good American mechanic will do as much work in a day as four or five of these Parisian workmen, and do it better.

Already the question has arisen, What is to be done with this army of improvident workingmen when the Exposition and its accessories cease to give them employment? The subject is under discussion in the few seriously inclined journals of the city and in the House of Deputies. The prospect is admitted as being a grave menace to social and industrial peace and order. One suggestion is that the Government of France should inaugurate next winter a grand scheme of highway and other public improvements in the environs of Paris and some in more distant places, for the special purpose of absorbing this probable surplus of labor.

Paris, April 3, 1900. FAIRFAX.

The Water Question—State Rights and City Rights

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Recently you expressed your interest in the point of view that I took, as a country Assemblyman, upon the question of New

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York City's water-supply, and on the Morgan Bill now before the Legislature. I would like to show that there are reasons that seem good to us why that bill should not become a law.

In this letter I can only speak of those things that I know from personal observation, and so have confined myself to the conditions that exist in my own county. Our water-supply differs from that of any other part of the State, so many of my facts would not apply to other districts; but the underlying principle is the same for all, and we resent the giving of unlimited power of condemnation to a foreign community without regard to local conditions.

As you are aware, Long Island is divided into four counties, Kings (Brooklyn), Queens, Nassau, and Suffolk; Suffolk comprising the eastern half of the island. The south side is low, flat, and sandy, and borders upon the Great South Bay, a great sheet of shallow water, separated from the ocean only by a very narrow strip of sand beach, and connected with it by Fire Island inlet, which pierces this sea barrier opposite Babylon. The bay is the source of livelihood to two-thirds of the community living on its shores. Our land being sandy, farming is not profitable, and the prosperity of our people is dependent upon the oyster trade in the winter, fishing in summer, and upon the money spent by the summer residents who are attracted there by the sailing and fishing. The existence of this sheet of water is dependent upon the streams that flow into it, for in the constant struggle with the sea the inlet is kept open only by reason of the ebb tide being stronger than the flood; as more water goes out than comes in, the sand that the waves continually pile in the inlet is washed clear. Divert those streams, and the inlet would close and the bay become a stagnant lagoon, unfit for either oystering, fishing, or pleasure.

Before consolidation the water-supply of Brooklyn was obtained, as it still is, from the counties of Queens and Nassau. The system consists of pumping plants and storage reservoirs stretching from the eastern part of Nassau along the south side of the island to Brooklyn—a most expensive system, as the water has to be pumped the whole distance. When the system was extended into Nassau County, we saw the damage that was done to the surrounding country: wells were lowered; streams that had been navigable for small boats, as their currents were cut off, became mere mud-holes; vegetation was injured, the bays deteriorated as oyster-grounds, and malarial fevers were reported (truly or otherwise) as a result of the diversion of the waters. We felt that the time was not far off when we also would be absorbed. If Brooklyn were to take our streams, we should suffer the same fate as Nassau; and that they would be taken we were sure, for we found that, in anticipation of Brooklyn's need, the options upon all our available streams were being quietly bought along the south side of the island, and it was evident that a syndicate was preparing to supply Brooklyn with our water, either as a private company or to sell their options to the city at an advance.

Fortunately, my predecessor, Mr. Carl Burr, then a member of the Assembly, succeeded in passing an act in 1896 which, under the guise of a general law, was practically a special act, preventing Brooklyn from taking our water. This law was preserved, when the Charter of Greater New York took effect, by a special section of that Charter, which especially states that nothing in the section permitting New York to condemn watersheds should affect it. But for this act we should already have been absorbed into the Brooklyn system. We should have been ruined to afford Brooklyn a mere temporary reiief; for they all acknowledged that at the present rate of increase our water would have lasted them but twenty years, and then they would have had to go elsewhere. Our property would have been taken from us by a foreign community, without hope of appeal, and whether it was best for Suffolk County, or even best for Brooklyn, would not, perhaps, have weighed as strongly with the deciding officials as whether it were best for the people interested in the options on our streams.

Now, regarding the Morgan Bill, here is perhaps a brutal statement, but it has, I fear, certain foundation in fact. The people of New York City, represented by a body of conservative men, say to us practically this: "We caanot trust our own officials to protect us; we believe that they

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are capable of being influenced into making contracts inimical to the interests of the city which they were elected and sworn to protect: therefore we wish you to give those officials the right to enter your county and condemn your water-supply, as they see fit." Our only answer to this can be, that if the officials of New York City are not to be trusted to be fair to their own people, how can we trust them with absolute power over ours?

It is the old argument that the welfare of the few must be sacrificed to the welfare of the many; but we feel that, though no one of our counties is as great as the city, yet, as this is a menace to us all, collectively we are greater than the city. This bill may be to the interest of New York City, but can we give the interests of the State to the safekeeping of the city? We grant that the city must have water, but we feel that in arranging for its water-supply we must have a voice. Where our interests are so vitally concerned, we cannot leave it to others to decide. Even if we felt that the city officials could not be influenced by interested parties, yet they naturally would be prejudiced in favor of their own interests and thoughtless of ours. The State has the right of eminent domain over us. We cannot allow the State to delegate this right to the city without preserving some protection against improper or selfish aggression.

I think I voice the honest sentiment of the country members when I say that the Morgan Bill is too wide in its provisions. It would appear more reasonable if a definite plan were drawn up showing where the city wished to go and what watershed were desired, not only now, but in the future; for any plan must be capable of expansion along definite lines to equal the growth of the city. Then we could form an opinion as to what we were giving the city, and act intelligently in the matter.

The water-supply of the State does not belong to one locality, nor to one city, but to the whole State. Let the State decide how that water shall be divided among its people, so that the interests of every county, city, town, and village may be considered and protected.

Albany, N. Y. REGIS H. POST.

[As most of our readers know, the New York Legislature has adjourned, having passed the Fallows Bill, which forbids the city of New York from entering into any contract with a private corporation for a water-supply without the consent of the Comptroller, and allows any taxpayer to appeal to the courts, whose approval of such contract must then be secured to make the contract legal. The Morgan Bill has not become law. The general question of legislation about New York City's water-supply will doubtless be a subject of future discussion and legislation. Mr. Post's letter has value and force because it brings out effectively the fact that State, county, and local interests must in justice be considered as well as city interests. If New York City is to be given practical Home Rule by the Legislature, as we assuredly believe should be the case, the city on its part must scrupulously regard the rights of non-urban communities.—THE EDITORS.]

Rochdale

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was very much interested in the article entitled "The Rochdale Pioneers," by W. S. Harwood, in the March 3 issue of your valuable paper; particularly so since Lancashire is my native county. But there are two statements in it which may mislead some of your readers. In the first place, Mr. Harwood speaks of Rochdale as a "city," which is certainly not true, in spite of its 71,000 inhabitants. That which constitutes a city in England is not the number of the population, but the parish church being made the cathedral church—*i. e.*, the church in which the Bishop's chair is placed, and is thus made the center of the Church's activity in the diocese. For instance, in 1885, Wakefield, Yorkshire, was simply a town; but very shortly after, the Diocese of Ripon was divided, and the southern portion became known as the Diocese of Wakefield, and the parish church of Wakefield was chosen as the cathedral; the town was raised to the dignity of a city, even though the population was only 46,000. There are places in England to-day with about eight times the population of Wakefield, but they are simply designated as towns because they cannot boast of a cathedral church.

The second statement in the article to which I refer is on the first page, and

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reads as follows: "You may see in the older parts of the Gothic parish church pillars that were put in place by the Romish Church in the year 1200."

It is true that previous to that date there had been a great deal of Papal aggression, which reached its climax when King John placed the whole realm of England at the feet of the Bishop of Rome. But the clergy, barons, and people, calling themselves "The Army of God and the Church," rose against him, and, on the fifteenth day of June, 1215, forced him to sign the Magna Charta, the first article of which is, "*Ecclesia Anglicana Libra Sit*"—the Church of England shall be free.

This will prove that the Church in England in the year 1200 was not "Romish" but "English," for in all her documents and formulas she is spoken of as the Church of England, or the English Church, and has always retained that character in spite of any influences the Church of Rome may have brought to bear upon her. GEORGE HOWCROFT.

A Home Garden

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Home Garden, 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York, a work with which many of your readers are familiar, occupies a roomy, old-fashioned house which has a large Italian colony on one side and a thickly populated Hungarian district on the other. It is extremely popular with the children of both these classes of foreigners, and is doing a work which could never be accomplished through the agency of church or mission. It is a distinct step in advance of the ordinary social settlement, in that its conditions are more natural. Its workers know no other home, and are there to stay. Its atmosphere is that of the home, and its avowed purpose is the bettering of every home in the neighborhood. Every day after school hours its play-rooms are filled with happy children who would otherwise be learning the evils of the street, and many a home is brighter and better for its existence. It is now being incorporated under a board of directors, but is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support. As no money is paid in salaries, every dollar is applied to the furtherance of the work. All communications and contributions should be addressed to the superintendent, Miss Anna C. Ruddy, 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York. * *

Livingstone and the South African Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Livingstone was one of the missionaries whom Mr. Quinan thinks partly responsible for the race troubles in South Africa: would not some extracts from his journals throw light on the freedom sought by the Boer pilgrim fathers in the "great trek"? He wrote:

> The great objection the Boers have to English law is that it makes no distinction between black and white. They felt aggrieved by their supposed losses in the emancipation of their Hottentot slaves, and determined to erect themselves into a *republic*, in which they might pursue without molestation the "proper treatment of the blacks." It is needless to add that the "proper treatment" has always contained in it the essential element of slavery, namely, compulsory unpaid labor. It is difficult for a person in a civilized country to conceive that any body of men possessing the common attributes of humanity (and these Boers are by no means destitute of the better feelings of our nature) should, after loading their own wives and children with caresses, with one accord set out and proceed to shoot down in cold blood men and women, of a different color it is true, but possessed of domestic feelings and affections equal to their own. The plan pursued is this: One or two friendly tribes of natives are forced to accompany a party of mounted Boers. When they reach the tribe to be attacked, the friendly natives are ranged in front, to form, as they say, a "shield;" the Boers then coolly fire over their heads, till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. . . . The Boers know from experience that adult captives may as well be let alone, for escape into the wild country is easy; they therefore adopt the system of seizing only the youngest children, in order that they may forget their parents and remain in perpetual bondage. I have seen mere infants in their houses repeatedly. . . . I took down the names of some scores of boys and girls, many of whom I knew as our scholars; but I could not comfort the weeping mothers by any hope of their ever returning from slavery. The Boers assert that they are the best of masters, and that, if the English had possessed the Hottentot slaves, they would have received much worse treatment than they did; what that would have been it is difficult to imagine.

H. B.

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